

Midwest Folklore

FALL, 1958

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Midwest Folklone

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NEGRO TALES OF JOHN KENDRY FROM INDIANAPOLIS

BY BUTLER H. WAUGH

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John Kendry is a short, white-haired Southern Negro, eighty-two years old, who tells stories. He is an extremely amiable gentleman, whose laughter is the most infectious that I have ever heard. He narrates his tales in a rather slow, yet animated manner. He gestures naturally, and makes each gesture a crucial part of the story. In estimating the size or shape of an object, for example, he is likely to point to something in the immediate surroundings to evoke the comparison. This "simile of the moment" is an important stylistic device often lost in mere recording. He is also given to the articulation of various sounds which appear to have little meaning, although they form an important part of his narrative method. In addition, Kendry uses the device of "incremental repetition" quite effectively. Whole sections of his stories will revolve about the repetition of a phrase with only the slightest variation. Thus he attains a certain rhetorical force which clothes his narratives with a distinct though implicit artistry.

He does not tell tales very much any more, since nobody seems interested in them. He cannot read or write. He mostly watches television; if the weather is good, he sits on the front porch in the sun. On warm days, he walks with his cane to meet his friends. When I showed an interest, he began telling tales quickly and with enthusiasm. In an hour, on April 10, 1958, I had tape-recorded the stories printed here.

Mr. Kendry was born in Louisville, Kentucky, but early moved to Christian County, living most of his settled life near Hopkinsville. He has just recently moved to Indianapolis to live with his daughter, since there is no one else to look after him. He is now extremely hard-of-hearing and slender, although he assured me that he had been quite stout when he was young. Before he settled down, he wandered all over the midwest. He has been as far west as North Dakota, as far south as Arkansas, and as far east as the Atlantic seaboard in Georgia. He has worked on the railroad; he has been a professional cook; and he has repaired shoes for a living. Most of his life, however, has been devoted to farming a small plot of tobacco on his "place" near Hopkinsville.

The following transcription has undergone only the minimal amount of editing. I have cut out only superfluous comments made by myself, which are not at all pertinent to the texts. In retaining the exact words of the narrator, I have attempted to capture somewhat the idiom, and to preserve the style in which the tales were actually told. Yet even with the faithful tape-recording of the text, something of the fleeting, nebulous, stylistic quality of the oral narration is lost. To appreciate Kendry's narrative style—and this is a truism to which all collectors must admit—one must hear him personally—see the snapping light in his eyes and watch his subtle gesticulation.

Me: We are in the home of Allan Lucas, 1427 North Missouri Avenue. I have here Mr. Kendry, his father-in-law, who is going to tell some tales that he has heard in the South.

1. *Kendry:* There was a fellow raising a little girl, you know, and, of course, a snake don't—won't bite them, you know. And she petted the snake, you know. She was maybe ten—maybe ten years old. And they found out that she was—er—like the snake. And every day she would eat, she would go right around in the cornder, in the chimbley cornder, and feed the snake. She carrying something to eat to him every day. She feed him almost anything—bread and meat of some kind. He eat what she would give. They won't eat what—everything. You can kill something and give it to him, and he won't eat it. He catch frogs—toad frogs. Well—finally. They didn't know it, and finally they killed the snake. After they did kill the snake—why, people told them not to kill the snake cause they might lose the child. They killed him, and she just grieved herself to death. Grieved herself to death about that snake. That was her pet. Ever since she was a little bitty thing.¹

2. *Kendry:* I'm going to tell about a fellow—Well, you know, Old Marster had a fellow once—ahhhh—he had a fellow that, well, he didn't like him much, but he didn't want to kill him hisself. He wanted him killed. Told him if he'd—(pause)—that he'd set him free if he did that.

i

He said: "I want you to steal the sheets, Nigger Sam, out from under me and Old Mistress in the bed. Can you do it?" "Yeah, Marster, I can do it." Well, he made him a scareman to put up at the window where Marster load the gun, he going to kill him if he at the window. Old Marster got to sleep way in the night. Nigger

Sam went and got him a coat and put on—made him a scareman. Put the coat and everything on him, you know, and hat. Set him up at the window. Then made a little noise; Old Marster happened to look up, and he seen him. Old Marster raised up and shot. When he shot it, it fell.

Old Marster run out the door to go around to see did he killed him. When he run out—to kill him—Old Mistress jumped up too. And she run around. He say: "Gimme the sheets before Nigger Sam steal it."

She grabbed the sheets and handed them to Nigger Sam, and Nigger Sam went on around the house and went on away, and Old Mistress she never knowed. She never did know whether he had the sheets. Didn't know that Nigger Sam had the sheets til the next morning.

Got up the next morning. He says: "Good morning, Nigger Sam." "Good morning, Old Marster." "Well," he says, "now Nigger Sam," he says, "did you steal that sheet?" "Yessir, here it tis Marster." He asked his wife—"Say, ain't that sheet over there on the bed?"

"No," she says.

"Is this your sheet?" "Yeah it tis,—well here,—yeah, this is my sheet." "How did you get that sheet?" "Just took it out from under Old Mistress."

"Well, Nigger Sam, I won't set you free yet. I ain't going to set you free right now," he says, "cause I got two or three more things I want you to do, and I'm going to sure set you free. Can you do it?" "Yessir, Marster, I can do it."

ii

He says: "Well, Nigger Sam," he says, "there's something bothering the children up there yonder at the school house. Big tree setting up there," he say, "right at the door. Now Nigger Sam, I want you to catch that thing, and I'll set you free."

"All right Marster." "Well, Nigger Sam, can you do it?"

"Yessir, Marster."

Nigger Sam went up by the old school house. There is a panther. Before he got to the school house, old panther hollered, oooohhhh [screech]. Nigger Sam say "oooooh" [screech]. He answered him. Nigger Sam hadn't never looked up in the tree. Walked to the school house and walked in the door. He was setting right at the door. Nigger Sam went in there and shut the door and look in the school house. As he looked in, the panther made a leap and jump

on Nigger Sam and jumped in the school. Nigger Sam just reached and pulled the door behind him. Went on back to the door—went on back to the house.

"Marster, I got that little man what been running them children every evening."

"Ah, Nigger Sam, you ain't got no man."

"Yessir Marster—I got him."

"Where is he?"

"He up there in that school house." Nigger Sam he went on.

"Old Marster grabbed his gun and went on up there. "Nigger Sam, don't tell me no lie."

"No, Marster, I ain't going to tell you no lie," he say, "come on."

Marster loaded his gun and went on up there and have him a peep in the school house. He said: "Well Nigger Sam, that's a panther." [outraged voice].

He said: "Marster, I knowed it." [sly voice].

"Well, how did you get that thing in there?"

"Just took him by the tail and throwed him in there." [laughter]

iii

"Well," he said, "Nigger Sam," he say, "I won't set you free yet,—yet a while. I've got the—I sold a sheep over yonder to my neighbor over yonder. He going to send after him in the morning. You steal that sheep and bring him back here before that fellow get home with him—I'll set you free."

"All right Marster."

Nigger Sam went and got him two new shoes. Dropped one like right here; went ahead down along the creek where there is a lot of bushes and briars and everything. Path right around the curve of the creek. Fellow went over there and got the sheep on his shoulder, and Nigger Sam drop one of his shoes right here—one of the shoes, new shoes. The fellow looked at it.

He say: "Ummmm, I found a shoe somebody done dropped—Ummmmmm, Ummm [shaking his head]—if I just could find the other one," he say, "one won't do me no good. If I could just find the other one, I'd go back and get the other one."

Nigger Sam dropped that one and then he went way up and dropped the other one down.

He say: "Ummmm, here is the mate to that other shoe." Had the sheep all tied, you know, and he laid the sheep down. He was tired; he couldn't get away no how. And he say: "Ummmmmm, I

lay my sheep down here, and I go back and get that other shoe, and I have a pair." He went on back; laid his sheep down.

Nigger Sam is hid off in the bushes looking at him when he laid the sheep down. Went back after that other shoe. When he went back after that other shoe, Nigger Sam picked the sheep up and put him on his shoulders; slipped on around in through the bushes and carried that sheep on back to Old Marster before the fellow got home. He was pretty sharp, wasn't he?

Me: He was real sharp.

iv

Kendry: "Well," Old Marster says, "Nigger Sam, I won't set you free yet. I won't set you free. There's a man out there in my field stealing my corn. I want you to go down and catch it. Kill him. Kill him, and I'll pay for it. Can you do it?"

"Yessir, Marster, I can do it all right."

Old Marster knowed what it was—a bear, a old big bear. Old bear gathering corn all up—had an armful of corn. Carrying a young one. Carrying it to her young one. There was a fellow out in the field hunting around there.

Nigger Sam went down there: "You better put Marster's corn down. [softer] You better put Marster's corn down." Old bear dropped all the corn. Come a-walking on up to Nigger Sam. Nigger Sam haul away to hit him. Old bear come and grabbed him, you know, and squeezing Nigger Sam a little too tight. Fellow going down through the bottom hunting. Nigger Sam says: "Turn me loose, [loudly], turn me loose."

The man thought he'd walk over there and see what had done happened. "What's the trouble Nigger Sam?" The bear had Nigger Sam, squeezing him too tight. The fellow got back and shot the bear. The bear fell loose. Turn Nigger Sam loose. Laid off and he died—the bear did, who was out in the corn.

Nigger Sam went on back and told Marster: "Marster," he say, "I got that little man who has been stealing your corn."

"Oh, Nigger Sam, you ain't got him."

"Yessir Marster."

"Where is he?"

"Go down the field. Over there in that bottom there, over there."

"Go on Nigger Sam."

"You don't believe in my saying, Marster, come on, go on with me—I'll show you."

Old Marster went on. There is a great big black bear, you know, just a big old one. Brown bear; the brown bear is larger than the little black bear. Old Marster says: "Nigger Sam," he says, "that is a bear."

He says: "Marster, I knowed it." [sly with laughter]

"How did you catch it? How did you kill that bear?"

"Just grabbed him and choked him to death. [laughter] Just grabbed him; choked him to death. Squeezed him to death."

v

"You are a hard one Nigger Sam; well—I got one or two more little things I want you to do, and then I'm going to sure set you free. Nigger Sam, I got one or two more little things I'm going to want you to do. I am going to put something under that pot, and I want you to tell me what it tis. Out in the smokehouse. I'm going to put something in—under—that pot, and I want you to tell me what it is. I'll set you free then—after."

Nigger Sam, you know, just as soon as dark come—Old Marster had went in—Nigger Sam, he standing over in the chimbley cornder, listening to what they say. "I got Nigger Sam this time," what he tell Old Mistress. "I got Nigger Sam this time."

She say: "Well, what is it? What has you got him on?"

He say: "I got a possum there under that pot. I got a possum under there. He can't tell me what it tis."

Well Nigger Sam happy to have heard that. He say: "I'm going on back home," and went to bed.

Nigger Sam came up to him next morning. "Good morning, Nigger Sam." "Good morning, Marster."

"Well, Nigger Sam, I got a thing I want you to do now. I want you to tell me what is under that old big pot"—you know, you've seen them, old big kettle—lard kettle. "Tell me what is under that pot now. Set you free. Be set free now. Getting right close to the time to set free."

Nigger Sam, he looked up, and he looked down. He say: "Marster, it is an old possum" [sly voice].

Old Mistress says: "That nigger can tell you everything—anything. Ummmm." [high voice]. That's what Old Mistress told him.

"Yessir, he is a hard one. I got two little more things I'm going to give him to do. I'm going to try him, and I'm going to set him free. "Well," he say, "I'm going to—I know he don't know."

Old Marster went off that day while Nigger Sam had to work. Went off that day, and he got him an old turtle. Big old mud turtle, you've seen them—lives in ponds and stuff like that.

Well, Nigger Sam went on and soon as it got dark, straight back to the house went Nigger Sam and get right into the chimbley corner, right next to Old Mistress and Old Marster so he could hear. He tells his wife, you know, he says: "Well, I got old Nigger Sam this time. I got him. He can't tell me what is under that pot now. I got him." Nigger Sam went on back to his bed.

Next morning come. "Good morning, Nigger Sam." "Good morning, Marster."

"Well, Nigger Sam, you is right close to your—to the time for you to get free now."

"Yessir Marster."

"Well, tell me what's under that pot now Nigger Sam. This is next to your last time."

Nigger Sam looked up and looked down. "Master, it tain't nothing but an old turtle."

Old Mistress said: "He is the worst nigger ever I saw. He can tell you anything you want to know."

"Well, Nigger Sam, I ain't going to set you free right now. Well, now, the next time, I'm going to sure set you free." Nigger Sam, he went off, you know.

Next day, Old Marster done around and got hold of a coon and carried him and put him under that pot. He say: "I got old Nigger Sam this time."

She say: "You reckon so?"

"Yessir, I got him," that's what Old Marster said, "He wants to be set free, but I think I got him this time."

Nigger Sam slipped back to the house, you know, and got in the chimbley corner, and he couldn't—the wind was blowing so that Nigger Sam didn't hear this, you know,—right good. He done put him a coon under that pot. Old Marster says: "I got him. I got old Nigger Sam this time."

She say: "You reckon so?"

"Yessir, I got him."

"Well, Nigger Sam," he says, "now this is your last time to get set free now. I want you to tell me what is under that pot now, and then I'm going to set you free sure."

Nigger Sam looked up and he looked down. Then he look straight at Old Marster. He says: "Marster, you got the old coon at last." [laughter] You see, he didn't know, you know, that Old Marster never did know. He knew it was a coon under the pot.

Nigger Sam says: "You got the old coon at last." He meant that they had done caught him good, you know, that time.²

3. Once Old Marster—it was raining one day, you know—Old Marster had a slavery, you know; he done slavery. There was a fiddler. He played fiddle. And he played the fiddle. Why—sort of raining, and Old Marster thought he'd walk down and hear John play the fiddle a little. He went down there and John was pulling his bow across the fiddle. John had done gone out and killed him a shoat, you know, and put him under the bed in a box. [laughter] Put him in the bed under a box. Nobody but the man and his wife there, you know, and Old Marster, he thought he'd come down and talk with him some.

He says: "Well," he says, "Say John, I want you to play me a tune."

Old John reach up [sawing his arm and singing, in imitation of a fiddle] "Yiddy-Yaddy-Yiddyyyyy." And pig foot was sticking up. Old Marster setting in there and this pig foot sticking up there under the bed, the quilt hanging down over it, you know, part way. But the pig's foot is sticking up. Nigger—this fellow seen the pig's foot sticking up, you know, and Old Marster, he sitting over there. He hadn't never seen it.

John was pulling on his fiddle: [singing] "Ding - Ding a Dingy—Old lady put the pig's foot further on the bed." She walked by, you know, and said: "Ummmmmmmmmmmm" [singing] And jerked the cover down over the pig foot, you know.

"Yessir, that's a new one." "Yessir," Marster say, "that's a new one."

Old John commenced fiddling good after he found out Old Marster didn't see that pig's foot.³ [laughter].

4.

THE COON AND THE RABBIT

You know—you see, the raccoon, you know, he was an engineer
And the possum, he always tend to the switch,
Old rabbit didn't have no job at all
But he was a running son-of-a-bitch.⁴

5. A young fellow like you travelling now. You always carry—of course, if you was single.—you always carry a girl along with you. Well—they was travelling on bicycles. They had a bicycle apiece. They was travelling along and went by an old fellow's house. Old fellow—he asked him could they stay all night. They done rode the bicycles until they's sort of tired. He says: "Well, ask the old lady in there, she . . ." They got down there, you know.

She says: "Well, you all are mighty nice looking people. I guess that you can—I haven't got but two beds, but I reckon you all can stay all night. Maybe I can make room for you. I'll fix," she say, "—you all married?"

She says: "No, no, we're not married."

She says: "Well, you're all tired and everything. I can make room for you all. I'll take the bolster and put it right straight up and down on the bed. You can sleep on one side of it and him on the other. I think I can make it all right enough. All right?"

Well—they went to bed and got up the next morning. "Well, how'd you all rest?"

"Oh, we just rested fine."

"Ummmmm. [nodding head]. Well—you all can come on in and eat your breakfast." They all went in, and they eat their breakfast. He didn't have no money with him, I guess. They pulled out—together.

Riding along, you know,—sort of windy, you know. His hat blowed off over the fence—wire fence. And he jumped off his bicycle. She stopped and he stopped too; got off his bicycle and started over the fence. She ran up and got him and said: "Wait a minute," she says, "Let me go over there. I'll get that hat for you. Anytime a man can't get over a bolster, he can't get over a fence." [laughter].

6. The fellows was having—ahh—they was having a sort of a ball one night. Lot of girls and everything. There was two Irishmans come along. They wanted to go to the ball. They thought they'd go. One, he looked—,and they got ready, you know. And a fellow came out, and his little fiddle case, you know, and one had one of these old banjos where you pick, you know. You've seen them. Well, they never had heard that, see.

Well—there's an old loft in the old house where they was going to play in that night. Well, this Irishman was setting back in the cornder. One setting off. They commenced playing. The fellow commenced—took his fiddle out of the little case, you know. He took the rod—took his—the bow, you know, and commenced doing around, you know [motions of rosining the bow], commenced playing. The other fellow went down and got his sack with his banjo in it, and they commenced playing. They set there—listened.

After a while, one of the niggers—fellows said: "Get your partners." One of them jumped and run upstairs—went up to the old loft. One run out and got in the chimbley cornder.

Well—the next morning they met. The fellow commenced tuning his banjo. He says, “Well,” he says, “Say, Pat, how did you rest last night?” Pat say: “Well, me rested pretty good.”

He said: “Well how did you like the ball?”

Pat say: “I liked it pretty well till they took the little baby out of the coffin and commenced to whupping the little baby, and, I say, you never did hear a child cry so in all the days of your life.”

Old Mike said: “Yeah, but did—did you notice the man when they took that old cat out of the sack and commenced thumbnailing its side. He sure did whine, didn’t he?”⁶ [laughter].

7. The Rabbit and the Fox were once, you know, going to see a girl. And the fox, you know, caught the old rabbit once, and he got loose. He happened to jump loose from him.

He said: “Well Mr. Fox . . .” Mr. Rabbit said that Mr. Fox was his riding horse. Well, Mr. Fox got after Mr. Rabbit to kill him, you know. They run. They run and run. Every time he’d get up to run—ride Mr. Fox, Mr. Fox carried him to his girl’s house, he’d jump off and go in.

Finally he told his girl, you know, one day—he says: “Well, to show you Mr. Fox is my riding horse, you come out next time. I be there.”

“All right.”

Girls all come out, you know.

“Mr. Fox, man,” he say, “Mr. Fox, I’m going over tonight,” he say, “you going to take me?”

Mr. Fox say: “Yeah, I can outrun you—I’ll take you.”

“Well—wait then, and let me get my saddle.”

He say: “What you going to do with a saddle?”

He say: “I can set better.”

“Well, all right,” Mr. Fox say, “All right—get your saddle.”

Got the saddle and put on Mr. Fox.

He said: “Now wait Mr. Fox and let me get my spur.” He got a spur you know, and oh, they went on to their girl’s house. And they got there; the girls all standing out. And he hollered [a high shrieking voice] “Hey—I told you Mr. Fox was my riding horse,” and commenced spurring Mr. Fox in the side, you know. And they come out—the girls found out that he *was* his riding horse.⁷

8. Well—he went ahead, and he wanted to kill Mr. Rabbit afterwards. Aimed to outrun him and catch him.

He did outrun Mr. Rabbit, but Mr. Rabbit got to a old tree and run in a hollow.

Well, Mr. Fox got there, you know, and tried to catch him so he could kill him. Mr. Rabbit went on up in there. Mr. Fox got so far he couldn't—he got his head all in there—couldn't get up there—by him's from being larger, you know. Mr. Fox pulled and pulled his head: Mr. Rabbit setting way up over him looking down on him.

After a while, Mr. Fox say "Mr. Rabbit" [shriek].

Mr. Rabbit says: "Hey."

He says: "What's good for a hung head?"

He say: "Just pull—just pull all you can."

And finally, after he pulled—Mr. Fox pulled and broke his neck, and right at that time I left.⁸

9. The Elephant and the Rabbit, they got at a distance about—with each other. Elephant, he going to kill the Rabbit. They caught the Rabbit. They done caught the Rabbit and laid him down and tied him.

Mr. Elephant walked on by—he say: "Get up, Mr. Rabbit, what you doing laying around?"

He say: "They got me down here, you know," he says, "to marry a girl. You want to come to the wedding? I ain't particular about marrying no-how." That's what Mr. Rabbit said. "You untie me, and I'll tie you here and let you—you can marry the girl."

Mr. Elephant say: "All right." [Satisfied] Mr. Elephant say "all right."

Well, while they're gone: come back to kill the old Rabbit, you know. Mr. Elephant done untied him, and Mr. Rabbit was gone. Then they looked and see Mr. Elephant laying there. And they commenced a-whupping him. Oh—they whupped him good—Mr. Elephant.

Mr. Elephant went on up the road crying. Mr. Rabbit setting there in the bushes. He knowed Mr. Elephant couldn't catch him no-how. He come along crying.

He said: "Don't come dropping your damn wedding crumbs on me."

Then the Elephant, the poor — jumped out after him, you know, but he couldn't catch him at all.⁹

10. Old Marster had two young fellows,—way long in slavery time. And they had a man—an overseer, you know, to see. Had two young fellows. They was fine built and everything. Old Marster wouldn't work them hard, you know—let them get good and stout,—grown good. And they run about every night.

Old Marster told the overseer one day, he says: "Well," he say, "if I could just stop them boys from running about at night—" They is colored boys, colored boys, you know—"now if I could stop them from running about at night, I would not grade the pretty;" he say, "they are so young,—young, about twenty years old." He didn't want them running around.

The overseer say: "I'll stop them."

He say: "Well, if you'll stop them, I'll give you a hundred dollars."

He say: "Oh well,—I'll stop them."

Old Marster had a monkey too. Well—the overseer—they passed the cemetery, growed up in bushes. Somebody done stole a lot of chickens, you know, and put in there. They was counting them out in there. And they come along—they boys come along; they heered it. Overseer, he setting back in the bushes, with a white sheet over his head. He hadn't looked back and seed the white sheet on the monkey too.

Well,—the other boys say: "Well," he says, "This is mine—this is mine," that's the way they counting them, "And that one's yours." "This is mine and that one's yours."

The boys—they pulled out. Both of them named the same name: Big Mac and Little Mac. They pulled out. The overseer done told them, you know, wickerds was out, and they liable to get their straw et. They carried corn knives with them, you know, you've seen them—the knives they cut corn with. They had a corn knife apiece; done ground them—had them sharp as they could be. They happened to look back, you know, and up there—they was a-counting them.

And that bothered the overseer too; he didn't know. He got scared too.

"Ummmmmm, there's a big wickerd and a little wickerd too."

Well, the monkey, you know, he done got a piece of sheet or something and spread it over him. The boys started out—just started out running. One of the says, he says: "There's a big wickerd and a little wickerd too." Overseer hadn't seen it—that monkey. He got scared too, you know. Big Mac says, "What must we do?" He says: "Just pick em up and put em down." They started out.

The overseer, he scared too. He say: "Hold on boys—I'm one of you-all." He said: "What did he say Big Mac?" "He said hold on, he wants one of us." He said: "What must we do?" "Just pick em up and put em down."

And they run—they run. The overseer right behind them and the monkey right behind the overseer—like to scare the overseer to death, you know. Well—they run.

He said: [excitedly] "Hold on boys, I'm one of you-all."

He said: "What did he say, Big Mac?" "He say he want one of us." He said: "What must we do?" "Just pick em up and put em down."

Well—they had a great big old tobacco barn not far from the house. They run down and run in the barn. The overseer run in there too. They run around that old pen in the barn, you know. They run around the pen—and the boys, they didn't know, and they took their knives, and the overseer running around in there with them in the barn—and cut that overseer all to pieces and cut that monkey up too—that night.

Well, the next day, they was all in the field at work. Old people—all the people in the neighborhood in that field waiting. Them boys—they say: "Well—say boys, what is it?" They say: "We been cut the wickerd down last night."

Old Marster, he walking along down the field. The overseer hadn't come in, and he hadn't seen the monkey either.

They said: "We been cut the wickerd down." Old Marster hear it.

"Boys," he say, "What did you all do?"

"Marster," they say, "We done cut the wickerd down last night."

He say: "Where? Where did you cut him down at?"

"Marster," they say, "we cut him down last night, right down there in that big barn." Old Marster went on down there, you know, and they done cut that overseer all to pieces—done cut him up and cut the monkey up too.

He say: "Ummmmmm," [shaking his head], he say, "That's the overseer." Well—no overseer no more—they cut him all to pieces. Old Marster, I don't guess he ever give the hundred dollars.¹⁰

11. Old fellow come to the country from Virginia. Brought a lot of slaveries with him. I knowed the farm. I knowed the farmer well. Old Marster went to church meeting one day—one Sunday—him and his wife.

They [the slaveries] never had seen a squirrel—come from Old Virginia. Never had seen a squirrel. Well—they got out there, you know, and—he brought seven or eight of em with him—and they talked funny.

Well—one Sunday morning—Old Marster had, I guess, about ten acres of timber—and they seen a squirrel run up a tree. "Whoohoo,"

they said, "Well, come here Big Hector, bein'-come-here. Bein' tell me what that shaggy-tailed thing is that up yonder in that tree." "Bein'-don't you know?" "Bein'-no." "Well, nothing but a bein'-darn-something." [laughter].

Well, they all went to the house. "Well, bein'-we'll ask Big Austin what it tis." They asked Big Austin what it was. Big Austin didn't know. They got axes and went in there and cut. Just as fast as they'd cut down one tree, the squirrel jump out and jump out into the other tree, you know. He got back from church that Sunday. They done cut down about ten acres of ground—timber. Yeah, eight or ten of them.¹¹

12. Once Old Marster, he had a fellow—a janitor at a church. The church was on the edge of his farm, and that was way back yonder too—slavery times. Old Marster, you know, he was kind of paralyzed, you know; he hadn't never done—he hadn't done no walking—hadn't walked none in twenty years.

Well,—this colored fellow he had working there, well, he always cleaned up the church. He sort of the janitor of the church, and he went up there one day—one night—when they have a meeting, you know; he—and a fellow right back of the church done killed a sheep. Stole a sheep—and skinning him, you know.

And he says: "Is it fat?" This fellow got scared, you know, and run on away.

He went on back and told Old Marster, you know; he couldn't clean up the church. He said everytime he went to that church door, he says, something asked whether it was fat.

Old Marster said: "Oh, no. There ain't nothing like that."

"Yessir Marster, tis. Yeah, there's something there asks is it fat. You don't believe me; you get on my back, I'll take you up there to the church."

Old Marster say: "Well, now, don't you fool me up at that church now. If you do, I'm going to whup you." Old Marster hadn't walked in about twenty years, you know.

Well—he got on—big fellow, you know; hooked around him, you know, and he carried him on down, you know.

And the fellow says: "Now Marster, you slide right off on one of these steps." Old Marster slid off on the steps, you know.

After a while, he said: "Now you set here a little while til something says—they'll tell you."

Something says: "Is it fat?"

Nigger said: "Yeah, fat or lean, I here." — He got up, and Old Marster beat him back to the house.¹²

13. I landed in Arkansas once. Six dollars and no more. It was the prettiest town I'd ever seen before, you know. I hired to a big merchant, you know, and Jake Lucas was his name. He stood ten foot in his boots, and he was taller than any crane. His hair hung down in rat-tails around his wrinkled jaws. You bet he was a photograph—in the state of Arkansas. His biscuit was corn dodger; his meat I could not chaw. He fed me on corn dodger was harder than any rock. My teeth begin to chatter. My knees begin to pop. He fed me on corn dodger, and it was harder than any rock.¹³

Kendry: Wasn't that a pretty good one?

END OF TAPE

NOTES

¹Aarne-Thompson, *The Types of the Folktale* (Helsinki, 1928), Type 285, "The Child and the Snake." Vance Randolph, *Who Blowed up the Church-House* (New York, 1952), pp. 87-89. There are extensive notes by Herbert Halpert which cover the American versions of this type rather fully. Add to Halpert: H. P. Beck, "Herpetological Lore from the Blue Ridge," *MF* II (1952), 145; R. M. Dorson, "Negro Tales of Mary Richardson," *MF* VI (1956), 18. See R. M. Dorson, *Negro Folktales in Michigan* (Cambridge, Mass., 1956), p. 149 (text) and p. 224 (notes). Dorson, *Negro Folktales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas and Calvin, Michigan* (Bloomington, 1954), p. 220. The next issue of *Norveg* will publish my study of the American versions of this international type. The subject is of some interest, however, and I plan a further, extensive study of the type in international tradition.

²This long text is a combination of seemingly unrelated motifs, beautifully held together by the structural thread of the promise of freedom. I have not found any parallels to the overall pattern, although there are extensive references to the individual motifs. This text combines elements of Type 1525, "The Master Thief"; Type 1640, "The Brave Tailor"; and Type 1641, "Doctor Know-All."

I. Stealing the Sheets: Type 1525A, "The Master Thief"; Motif K301; Motif K362.2. "Ring to put on the Corpse's finger." See R. M. Dorson, "Polish Wonder Tales of Joe Woods," *WF* VIII (1949), 39-47. On p. 47n., Dorson notes a parallel text from Indianapolis: M. Montgomery, "Slovenian Folklore from Indianapolis," *HF* VI (1947), 126. This is a much longer text than that printed here and shows few direct parallels with Kendry's tale. J. Mason Brewer, "Juneteenth," *Tone the Bell Easy*, *PTFS* X (1932), 15f., prints a similar text, "How Buck Won His Freedom," in which the task is to steal the Master's best suit of clothes. For extensive comparative references, see E. C. Parsons, *Folklore from the Antilles*, *MAFLS* XXVI, pt. 3 (New York, 1943), 215-217, nr. 229. (headnote)

II. Panther in the Schoolhouse: Type 1640, "The Brave Tailor," III, *Lucky Hunter*; Motif K731, "Wild Boar captured in the church." Cf. Dorson, *NFIM*, p. 54, "Efan and the Panther"; p. 209 (notes).

III. Dropping the Shoes: Type 1525D, "The Master Thief," Motif K341.6. "Shoes dropped to distract owner's attention." See E. C. Parsons, "The Provenience of Certain Negro Folk-Tales, I," *FL* XXVIII (1917), 408-414. Parsons treats the "Master Thief" and "Playing Dead Twice in the Road" in terms of their striking similarities. She posits a probable Portuguese provenience for the "Master Thief" which then evolved into the animal tale. For extensive comparative notes see Parsons, *Antilles*, pt. 3, pp. 29-31; p. 216. Add to this: A. Lampert, "Contes Populaire Canadiens," *JAF* XXVI (1923), 252f.

IV. The Bear in the Cornfield: Motif K1951, "Sham Warrior"; cf. Type 1640, "The Brave Tailor, III *Lucky Hunter*." See J. Mason Brewer, "John Tales," *Mexican Border Ballads*, *PTFS* XXI (1946), 92, "John, McGruder and the Bear in the Cornfield." Also Zora Hurston, *Mules and Men* (Phila., 1935), p. 100.

V. The Animals under the Kettle: Type 1641, "Doctor Know-All, III": Motif N688, "The Covered Dish." See Dorson, *NFIM*, p. 51 (text); p. 209 (extensive annotation). Dorson, *Negro Folktales from Pine Bluff* . . . , pp. 172-3. See especially Halpert's annotations of Vance Randolph, *The Devil's Pretty Daughter* (New York, 1955), 216f. Halpert refers to Parsons extensive annotations (*Antilles*, pt. 3, p. 282). Additional references are A. H. Fauset, "Tales and Riddles Collected in Philadelphia," *JAF* XLI (1928), 542; and H. Zunker, "A New Mexican Village," *JAF* LXVIII (1935), 160, nr. 6.

³ Cf. Dorson, *NFIM*, p. 57, "John Steals a Pig and a Sheep"; p. 211 (extensive annotation).

⁴ Cf. T. W. Talley, *Negro Folk-Rhymes* (New York, 1922), p. 5, 31. Short rhymes about the animals are quite popular. Talley prints the following.

De coon's got a long ringed bushy tail
De possum's tail is bare
Dat rabbit hain't got no tail 'tall,
'Cep' a liddle bunch o' hair.

Also see H. Belden and A. P. Hudson, ed. *The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, III (1953), pp. 208-09. References are given.

⁵ Cf. Motif T350ff. "Chaste Sleeping together." T351.1. "The Bed-Cover of Chastity," Basile, *Pentamerone* I, No. 7. Vance Randolph, *The Talking Turtle* (New York, 1957), p. 99-100 prints a very similar text, "The Bolster." Randolph's notation is interesting: "Told by a drunken preacher in Hot Springs, Ark., March, 1938. He said it was a common story among backwoods folk about 1900." (p. 203f.) Professor Dorson has informed me that he has an unpublished version of this tale from Walter Winfrey, of Inkster, Michigan.

⁶ This text falls under the general heading of Motif J1750, "Absurd Misunderstanding." Also cf. Motif J1771, "Object thought to be an animal." See R. M. Dorson, *Negro Tales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas and Calvin, Michigan* (Bloomington, 1958), "The Irishman at the Dance," told by Silas Altheimer, pp. 92-94. Also Leonard Roberts, *South from Hell-fer-Sartin* (Lexington, 1955), p. 125, "Irishman and the Fiddler"; p. 253 (notes). Roberts erroneously classifies this as Type 1328*.

⁷ This is an incomplete version of Type 72, "Rabbit Rides Fox A-Courting." It lacks a motivational element which enables the rabbit to ride the fox. As Aarne-Thompson suggest, this element is usually the feigning of lameness. For full comparative references see Parsons, *Antilles*, pt. 3, p. 73, nr. 47. Add to this: W. R. Bullock, "A Collection of Maryland Folk-Lore," *JAF* XI (1898), 14; R. M. Dorson, *Negro Tales from Pine Bluff* . . . , pp. 26, 161.

⁸ Motif K714.3. "Dupe tricked into entering a Hollow Tree."

⁹ Motif K842.3. "Tied animal persuades another to take his place." Cf. Parsons, *Antilles*, pt. 3, pp. 41-47, nr. 23, "The Substitute Victim," which has extensive comparative notes. There are certain similarities here with Type 1542, "The Clever Boy, VI. *Substitute Receives Punishment*." A long cantable text with the bear as dupe, told by John Courtney, is in Dorson, *Negro Tales from Pine Bluff* . . . , pp. 20-24.

¹⁰ Cf. Dorson, *NFIM*, p. 214, "Dividing up the souls." Dorson has extensive notes concerning the thieves in the graveyard and refers to Halpert's notes in Randolph, *Church-House*, pp. 188f., 204f. The motif of the monkey frightening the man when he is dressed in a sheet (K1682.1. "Big Fraud and Little Fraud") is part of another text published by Dorson, *NFIM*, p. 187, "The Monkey Who Impitated his Master." Dorson prints a detailed note on this story on p. 230, *NFIM*. Add to this Randolph, *Talking Turtle*, pp. 24-25; p. 187 (Halpert's note). Leonard Roberts, *South from Hell-fer-Sartin*, p. 136, nr. 60a; p. 257 (notes). Cf. E. Baughman, *A Comparative Study of the Folktales of England and America* (unpub. diss., Bloomington, 1953), pp. 675-77, who lists seventeen American versions. Add to Baughman: R. S. Boggs, "North Carolina White Folktales and Riddles," *JAF* XLVII (1934), 318; A. H. Fauset, "Negro Folk Tales from the South," *JAF* XL (1927), 269f.

¹¹ This text falls under the general Motif J 1730, "Absurd Ignorance," or under Motif J 1909, "Absurd disregard of Animal's Nature or Habits—Miscellaneous." It is, perhaps, a version of Type 1281, "The Unknown Animal." Also compare Motif J 1736, "Fools and the Unknown Animal." See Motif J2126.1. "Trees cut down to gather fruit." N. M. Penzer, *The Ocean of Story*, in 10 vols. (London, 1923). V, 70f. This text is an interesting example of Kendry's attempt at dialect. He inserts "Bein'" before words to emphasize the difference in the speech of these "slaveries from Virginia" who "talk funny." See R. M. Dorson, "Dialect Stories of the Upper Peninsula: A New Form of American Folklore," *JAF* LXI (1948), 113-150.

¹² This is a rather full text of Type 1791, "The Sexton Carries the Parson." Cf. Dorson, *NFIM*, p. 68, "Old Boss Wants into Heaven," pp. 213f. (notes). Add: Roberts, *South from Hell-fer-Sartin*, p. 143; p. 261 (notes). According to Dorson, the "sheep in the graveyard" is a comparatively rare motif in American versions of the tale. Kendry's text is closer to European versions in this respect. Cf. Baughman, Motif X424 and Type 1791. Add to Baughman: J. Alden Mason, "Porto Rican Folklore," *JAF* XXXIV (1921), 161; G. Lanctot, "Contes Populaires Canadiens," *JAF* XLIV (1931), 232, nr. 140; Richard Smith, "Richard's Tales," *Folk Travellers, PTFs* XXV (1953), 245-47. See Hazel Harrod, "A Tale of Two Thieves," *The Sky is My Tipi, PTFs* XXII (1949), 207-214, for a comparative study of the American versions of this tale.

¹³ This was recited to me as a poem. See G. Malcolm Laws, *Native American Balladry* (Phila., 1950), p. 220, H 1, "An Arkansas Traveller." Add to Laws: T. W. Talley, *Negro Folk Rhymes*, p. 65; J. H. Masterson, *Tall Tales of Arkansas* (Boston, 1942), pp. 255-268 (11 versions, 3 fragments); Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folksongs*, in 4 vols. (Columbia, Mo., 1946), III, 25-33, "The State of Arkansas." Randolph has extensive references in the headnote on p. 25. He prints six texts. Besides the above textual references, I have consulted an unpublished discography of folk music on hillbilly and Negro recordings: 1923-1950, by Guthrie Meade. He lists the following record versions: Kelly Harrel, "My Name is John Johanna," *Vic.* 21520—1927; Golden Melody Boys, "Way Down in Arkansas," *Para.* 3087; Georgia Melody Boys, "Way Down in Arkansas," *Bdy.* 8134; Ed. Crane, "The Arkansas Wanderer," Conqueror 8013 (originally Columbia?).

THE FOLKLORE AND FOLK MUSIC ARCHIVIST

Vol. I, No. 1, March, 1958. A quarterly bulletin devoted to the collection, documentation, indexing, and cataloguing of folklore and folk music. The ARCHIVIST is a joint publication of the Folklore Archives and the Archives of Folk and Primitive Music, Indiana University, Bloomington.

The March issue contains an article on the general problems of the organization of folklore archives by Wm. Hugh Jansen, University of Kentucky; short articles on the Indiana University Folklore Archives and the Archives of Folk and Primitive Music by the respective Directors, Richard M. Dorson and George List; and a discussion of electrical supply conditions throughout the world by George Siddons, Electronics Engineer, Indiana University.

The June issue presents an article on the problems of archiving folklore by Thelma G. James, Wayne State University; a description of

the collection of college folklore found in the Indiana University Folklore Archives by Joseph Hickerson; a short history of the cylinder phonograph and its use in field recording by George List; and a partial bibliography of publications and theses referring to recordings on deposit in the Indiana University Archives of Folk and Primitive Music.

Subsequent issues will present further discussions of the problems involved in the archiving of folklore; short descriptions of the organization and holdings of various archives in the United States; and discussion of technical problems of recording and transcription, such as the re-recording of phonograph cylinders.

Correspondence should be directed to the editor, George List.

THE SOURCES OF DAVY CROCKETT, AMERICAN COMIC LEGEND

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In 1939, a good fifteen years before the Crockett revival spread across the United States, the British Isles, Japan and Europe, I edited a selection of tall stories and woodcuts from the Crockett almanacs for Rockland Editions, New York, under the title, *Davy Crockett, American Comic Legend*. This was in fact my first published work. Constance Rourke had led me to the almanacs, in her *American Humor* (1931), and *Davy Crockett* (1934). In recent years the Crockett almanacs have become increasingly well known. B. A. Botkin reprinted selections from them in *A Treasury of American Folklore* (1944), although he relied on jestbook reprintings from the almanacs. Franklin J. Meine issued a folio size literal reproduction of the first four almanacs, published in Nashville from 1835 to 1838, in a handsome edition undertaken by the Caxton Club of Chicago in 1955. Walt Disney has included a few texts from Crockett almanacs in his Disneyland children's booklets. Parenthetically, I might mention that in 1939, while taking a summer trip around the country, I stopped off at Hollywood and tried to penetrate the inner sanctum of Mr. Disney's studio with the proofsheets of my Crockett book. I failed of entry, and the ephemeral Crockett renaissance was delayed by a decade and a half.

In my edition I did not specify the individual almanacs issued from 1835 to 1856 which furnished the selections, but offered to send a check list of sources to interested persons who requested it from the publisher's office. The Spiral Press ceased to publish the short-lived Rockland Editions with the outbreak of World War II, and it seems desirable to make this almanac source list available in the pages of a folklore journal. I am therefore listing here by short title the almanacs from which stories were taken (full titles can be found in Rourke's *Davy Crockett*, New York, 1934, pp. 251-258), with captions of the reprinted stories and the page numbers in my edition. A second list provides the table of contents for my volume with the almanac years indicated for each story.

The Crockett almanacs contained material unrelated to Crockett, none of which I reprinted. Pioneer heroes such as Simon Kenton, Daniel Boone, and Kit Carson are written up in the Boston Crocketts for 1842, 1852, and 1853, while the early Nashville imprints ran

heavily to descriptions of wild life and natural history of the backwoods. As the series progressed and took hold of the popular imagination, the stories grew ever more extravagant and epical.

These almanacs are exceedingly scarce, and anyone who has seen original copies in fragile paper covers can easily understand why. The American Antiquarian Society has an excellent file, which I relied upon chiefly, supplementing their holdings with half a dozen copies I was able to buy on the rare book market. An 1835 Nashville imprint has sold for fifty dollars.

From time to time I have had inquiries concerning the availability of *Davy Crockett, American Comic Legend*. Curiously, copies of the original limited edition are still obtainable from one bookdealer, E. Weyhe, 794 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Mr. Weyhe, a dealer in fine art books, bought the remaining stock of the edition from Joseph Blumenthal of the Spiral Press, because of its handsomely reproduced woodcut illustrations and skilled bookmaking. Mr. Blumenthal designed the volume, which was chosen as one of the Fifty Best Books (from the point of view of bookmaking) for 1939, by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. I mention these facts dispassionately since I have no financial stake in the book and now regard it with the bemused eyes of an antiquary digging back in files nineteen years a-moldering.

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- 1837 Davy Crockett's Almanack. Nashville: Published by the heirs of Col. Crockett.
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- 1839 The Crockett Almanac. Nashville: Published by Ben Harding.
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 Crockett's Morning Hunt, pp. 16-17.
 Crockett's Recipe for Cooking Bear Steaks, p. 100.
- 1856 *Crockett Almanac*. New York: Cozans.
 Crockett's Original and Aboriginal Descent of Mont-Blanc, pp. 15-16.
 Lodging in Kansas, pp. 40-41.
 Crockett's Adventure with an Anaconda (Encounter with an Anaconda), p. 116.
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UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

The Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures is pleased to announce that, because of the large number of excellent entries for the Chicago Folklore Prize, it has given two equal awards for 1958.

A Tale of Wonder

by

Mr. Sigmund Eisner
Department of English
Oregon State College
Corvallis, Oregon

and

*Mythology and Values:
An Analysis of Navaho
Chantway Myths*

by

Professor Katherine Spencer
School of Social Work
Boston University
Boston 15, Massachusetts

MEDICAL LORE IN GRANT COUNTY, INDIANA, IN THE NINETIES¹

By W. L. McATEE

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

This is a supplement to my paper on home medication (*Midwest Folklore*, V [1955], 213-216) but the title has been broadened to cover a somewhat larger proportion of superstitions, especially those mentioned in the following paragraph.

A baby should never be left alone with a housecat, for the animal might steal the infant's breath. (R.) This was not smothering that might occur accidentally, but the cat was supposed to "suck" the baby's breath. Ancient beliefs as to dog days (the sultriest part of summer) prevailed. It was then that wounds became infected and diseases were easily caught. Even the old swimming hole was dangerous through the baneful effects of the zodiacal signs. (R.) Among things regarded as poisonous was the embryo of the seed of the Kentucky Coffee Tree (*Gymnocladus dioica*). See my note "Green Centers-Beware!" (*Nature Magazine*, XL [1947], 57). In my "Supplement 4 on Grant County, Indiana Dialect" (Privately printed 1954), are mentioned two methods (application of "tobacco juice, that is tobacco spit or ambeer, or of the sun's rays focussed by a burning glass), boys used for relaxing the frenum of the *glans penis*, that may be classed as folk medicine. Holding the breath (one way by pinching the nose), breathing in and out of a paper bag, and sipping water slowly, were remedies for hiccoughs.

Black walnut (Juglans nigra). Green walnuts were rubbed on warts to start their evanescence. The walnuts were then placed in a bag to be dropped along a roadway. Finders, on opening the bag, could acquire the warts. (R.)

Butter and cream. Fresh-churned, unsalted butter, and sour cream were used to cure sunburn. (M.)

Cinnamon. Chewing gum strongly impregnated with cinnamon was obtainable at stores. Packing a tooth cavity with this alleviated the ache.

Clay. While still a small boy, I was following a farmer plowing. The team went through a bush in which was a bald-faced hornets'

¹ Contributors, sincerely appreciated, are the late Charles Everett Rush, who in youth knew the southeastern part of the County; Guy W. Lane, from the southwest; and my brother, Morris, who lived for many years near the center in Marion. My territory was from Marion northwest to Jalapa, and my contributions, often intercalated sentences, are unsigned.

nest. As the insects began to sting, I ran for home, thus attracting them, and was freely stung all over. I was stripped, laid near the pump, washed with cold water, and given a liberal application of wet clay.

Fat pork. Bind a slice of it on skin bruises, cuts, and sores to draw out the pain. (R.)

Ginger. Tea made from it was used to cure colds. (L.)

Golden Oil. Trade name for a substitute for castor oil, which was equally sticky and repellent to childish palates. (R.)

Hoarhound (*Marrubium vulgare*). We dried it, steeped it, and made candy for sore throat and coughs. (L.)

Madstones. These were concretions or bezoars from the stomachs of ruminant animals. They were supposed to be efficacious in treating the bite of a mad dog, and were alleged to cling to the wound as long as any "poison" remained.

Mare's milk. Once I drove a brood mare into Elwood [Madison County, adjoining to the south] and a fireman asked for milk for his child which had whooping cough. (L.)

Onion (*Allium cepa*). Carrying an onion in one's pocket was thought to be good in avoiding snakebite and in preventing smallpox. (R.)

Paper. We were told that chewing paper would stop nosebleed. (R.) I recall that placing folded paper inside the upper lip was also deemed a remedy.

Potassium chlorate. A solution was employed as a gargle for sore throat.

Potato. Sliced raw potato applied to warts was a commonly attempted form of removal. (R.)

Sheep pellets. Tea made from these was used to break out measles. (L.) This seemingly repugnant remedy was employed for the same purpose in South Carolina, and as a laxative in Maine. (See my privately printed "Supplement to Nomina Abiteria, 1945" [1954], pp [4-5]).

Slippery elm (*Ulmus fulva*). The common name of this tree, piss elm, said to refer to its spurting sap when cut, may also have had reference to the medical use of the inner bark. That was dried and kept available in chips. It was chewed and the saliva engendered was swallowed as an aid in kidney and bladder disorder. (M.) Children also used it as a make-do for chewing-gum.

Socks. Tie an old wool sock around the neck for protection against sore throat. (R.) One was also used for treatment of that malady, with or without under-application of grease or salve, and either wet or dry.

Tobacco. Small cuds of tobacco were bound on stung spots to reduce pain and swelling. Habitual "chawers" believed that any germs in their mouths or stomachs would be killed by the tobacco juice, thus insuring health.

Tomato (*Lycopersicon esculentum*). The juice was recommended as effective in liver trouble and in preventing bilious attacks. (R.) Our grandmothers remembered when tomatoes were grown only for ornament under the name, "love-apples," and were regarded as poisonous.

Vermifuges. The cause of ills of children, not otherwise readily diagnosed, was usually thought to be worms, and all children were supposed to be "wormy" by spells. Druggists did a good business in remedies, one of which was "Dr. Jane's Vermifuge." This sweet dose was sometimes craved by small boys, who feigned stomach ache in order to indulge their acquired taste. (R.) A home remedy was a few drops of turpentine on sugar, followed the next day by a large dose of castor oil. (M.)

THE CHICAGO FOLKLORE PRIZE

The Chicago Folklore Prize was established by the International Folklore Association and is awarded annually by the University of Chicago for an important contribution to the study of folklore. Students, candidates for higher degrees, and established scholars may compete for the Prize. The contribution may be a monograph, thesis, essay, article, or a collection of materials. No restriction is placed on the contestant's choice of topic or selection of material: the term "folklore" is here used in its broadest sense (e.g., American, European, etc., folklore; anthropological, literary, religious, etc., folklore).

It is permissible to submit material which has appeared in print, provided that such material be submitted within one year from the time of publication. The successful contestant who submits material in typed form and has this material published subsequently, is expected to send a copy of the printed monograph, etc., to the University of Chicago, for the library. Sufficient postage should be included if the contestant wishes to have his material returned. Monographs and collections, etc., must be submitted before *April 15, 1959* to the Chairman of the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, The University of Chicago, 1050 East 59th Street, Chicago 37, Illinois. The Chicago Folklore Prize is a cash award of about \$50. The recipient's name is published in the Convocation Statement in June.

TWO LINE DANCES OF SAN JUAN PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO¹

BY GERTRUDE P. KURATH

Ann Arbor, Michigan

In February the combined moieties of San Juan Pueblo give two line dances in the plazas.² Towards the middle of February they take leave of winter, the aboriginal hunting season, with a Deer Dance. Late in the month they greet the warm season for planting with a Yellow Corn Dance. In these two celebrations they perform two variants of a characteristic Tewa dance pattern.

Both events take place on a Sunday, due to the exigencies of modern jobs. They start at noon immediately after Mass in the pueblo church. Two plaza circuits precede lunch; two fill the afternoon till the evening shadows fall.

In both dances an impressive line files into the southern plaza, from a kiva in the eastern plaza. Adults lead and small fry bring up the rear, in order of diminishing size to five-year-old boys. Six to eight dancers, who occupy the middle of the line, *sáwipingè*,³ are also the singers and rattle-shakers. Near them, next to the line, a solitary drummer gives the beat.

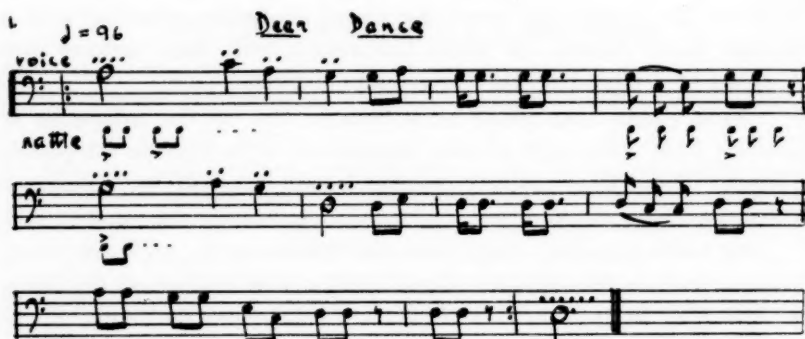
The dancers tread in place, with the *ántege* or "lift-the-foot" step, characteristic of many pueblo dances. When the musical beat changes from a duple to a triple beat or changes tempo, the performers unerringly adjust the step. To them the changes and halts have become second nature.

The dance formation is simple and stationary, but the songs are varied and intricate. They are grouped in related series. After one complete series a war chief leads the file to the second, northern plaza, then to the eastern plaza, and finally into the kiva for a fourth repeat.

The two dances differ in many essentials, appropriate to the functions. In the Deer Dance only men and boys, up to forty in number, line up between two small spruce trees, holed in for the occasion. They wear traditional white kilts, crocheted white leggings, and white shirts, with skunk fur anklets, bells, and arm bands.⁴ Real deer antlers are mounted on visors for a stylized headdress. The posture is also stylized; for the men stand erect, leaning on long feather-tipped staves in the left hand, and shaking large gourd rattles with

¹ A grant from the Wenner-Gren Foundation facilitated the study of these and other Pueblo Indian dances and songs during the Spring semester of 1957.

the right. They start shoulder to shoulder. With a yelp and a swing of the rattles they face forward. After a set of songs they face about for a repeat, then about face three more times. Meanwhile a game priest, a venerable, long-haired Indian, changes his station from the front of the line to the middle, the end, and back again to the front. He is the *simáyò*, an important ceremonial official.



The words of the songs are also highly stylized, symbolic and ceremonial. They repeatedly speak of deer spirits—*pekwió sèntó*—literally, doe and buck Elders. They frequently conclude with the chanted refrain—*indiví thámu xé-n winulin*—at dawn they stand prepared. Finally the spirits enter San Juan village—*oké owimbà*.

Not all is solemnity. After the first circuit two clowns, called Apaches, appear in motley array of trousers, smocks, and fur caps, and mime the shooting of small deer with diminutive bows and arrows. They hold the arrow practically up to the ear of a dancer, who pretends to fall down dead. The clown carries him off into a ceremonial room. During one of the rounds a clown dressed in long skirts totters about as a decrepit old woman.

There sometimes is a fifth dance, an apilogue called *angé*. Here the deer should appear leaning on two sticks, with more realistic mime. Usually, however, the women and girls chase the deer as they emerge from the kiva. They pursue them into the hills and may spend the rest of the day hunting them on foot or in cars. When a deer is caught, the relatives must redeem him with gifts of meat.

The Yellow Corn Dance remains serious throughout, for it lacks the clowns and the epilogue of pursuit. It includes women and girls in equal number with the men, in deference to the powers of fertility and plant growth, inherent in women. Some two dozen males with kilts, headbands, and eagle feathers alternate in the row with the females in black *mantas* or one-piece dresses, dazzling jewelry and gay

silken capes. Most of the men wear their hair trimmed short and most women have permanent-waved bobs; but some wear their hair long and sleek.

In the second and third circuits they file in silently and stand shoulder to shoulder for the entire dance. To a slow drum beat the men intone a monotone chant, while all bend forward and shake rain-producing spruce twigs. Then they tread in place to a set of long songs. The men shake their rattles as in the Deer Dance. The women jiggle their sprigs, clustered around ears of corn.

The first and last appearances commence with an elaborate group weaving, called *wá?sa*, which is common to several other San Juan dances. Men and women are paired at the entrance, in groups of

2. Fragment Yellow Corn Dance Entrance

$\text{♩} = 116$

drum

Line Dance

eight or more; with a side stamp alternate lines proceed to the left and to the right. After a song phrase they reverse directions. At certain points they face about. Thus they gradually inch into the center of the plaza to take their place in the line. This shuttling pattern is tricky and the youngsters keep their eyes glued on the leaders.

The compulsive magic of the dance is expressed in the words of *wá?sa*. *ó xua ?e?nun (?a?nyun) po?ogánun póvi k'oli.*

kachina boys (girls) make their sacred flower path.

Some song sections contain burden syllables, possibly obsolete ritual terms.

After this ceremony the irrigation ditches can be cleaned and the crops planted. For the pueblo inhabitants till the soil, though now usually with modern machinery. The Indians are aware of the significance of the dance, though some of the ancient necessity may have faded.

The repetitive patterns, the traditional songs, the insistent or shifting beat work their spell on the participants and spectators, who

line the plaza walls. But their tenuous power is pitted against steel and radio which increasingly occupy the days not given to traditional ceremonies.

² San Juan is the most northerly pueblo of the Tewa-speaking Indians.

³ The terminology and texts I owe to the aid of an able native of San Juan and a commission from the American Philosophical Society. The scheme of Tewa, a tone language, was worked out by Hans Kurath. Acute and grave accents represent high and low tones.

⁴ A picture of this costume is in Virginia M. Roediger, *Ceremonial Costumes of the Pueblo Indians* (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1941), Pl. 27.

SOME CENTRAL KANSAS WELLERISMS

BY KENNETH PORTER

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"Wellerisms" are a relatively scarce type of saying.¹ My own family lore was rich in songs and rhymes and riddles, in comparisons and proverbs,² but I can recall only one Wellerism which was definitely a part of its repertoire. My father (1860-1936), who was born in Ohio of Scotch-Irish ancestors from Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, was brought up in Iowa, and was a resident of Kansas for over half a century, used to remark: "'I see,' said the blind man up a great big tree."³ He would use this expression when he failed to comprehend something and was thus, figuratively, both "blind" and "up a tree." "'Everyone to his own taste,' as the old woman said when she kissed the cow,"⁴ has long been familiar to me but I may have read it rather than heard it.

Wellerisms in my own experience are associated with an extra-familial environment and are predominantly obscene or scatological.⁵ The Wellerisms which occur to me most readily were learned while working on threshing machines in Central Kansas in the summers of 1924-1927. When some operation was about to begin, from departing from the cookshack for the field to starting up the separator on a new "set," someone was likely to shout: "'They're off!' cried the monkey as he straddled the buzz-saw."⁶ And when it was necessary to "stretch" something of which there was an insufficient amount, such as axle-grease, the comment would frequently be made: "'Well, a little bit goes (or: can go) a long way,' as the monkey

said when he sh-t over the cliff."⁷ I recently (summer of 1957) encountered another specimen of the "monkey said" category: "This is going to run into money,' as the monkey said when he p----ed in the cash register."

In addition to the "monkey said" group, the threshing-machine environment was also hospitable to a "cried the king" category of utterances which might also, I suppose, be styled Wellerisms. These sayings also appeared in a lengthy monologue recounting the goings-on, mostly improper, in the court of a vaguely Biblical monarch when he summoned to a great feast not only the nobility of the realm but even a host of the common people, including the three Off boys. Whether the monologue was composed first and some of its component parts later extracted for separate use, or whether the monologue was woven together from witticisms which had once existed independently, I do not know; however, since only one member of the threshing crew, I believe, could repeat the entire monologue, for practical purposes it was employed only as a source of particularly pertinent remarks. If, for example, a few of the pitchers tarried overlong at noontime over a second or third tin cup of black coffee, the water-monkey, who also served as chauffeur between headquarters and field, might bring the ancient Buick to a stop outside the cook-shack and shout "'Come forth!' cried the king"—to which he, or someone else, would shortly add: "But Daniel stepped on a greasy old (piece of lion excrement) and only came fifth." Similarly, if in a mood of acute frustration, the separator man, engineer, or even one of the pitchers, should chance to utter, with peculiar emphasis, a certain four-letter word, he, or one of his hearers, might quickly follow the expletive with "... cried the king, and there was great straining in the court, for in those days the word of the king was law in the land." About a decade later, a version of this witticism was popular among the smoking-car raconteurs of "Roosevelt stories."

A type of Wellerism which has received little or no attention is the ascription to an anonymous "feller" of the responsibility for even the most commonplace remark. A local "character," an expert paper-hanger who in his own opinion was equally expert on a variety of political and religious subjects and who was particularly fond of holding forth on his claims to the Hearst estate, out of which he claimed to have been swindled, as an orphan boy, by the late Senator, would on more everyday subjects customarily take refuge under the authority of this nameless "feller." "'Well, looks like it might rain,' as the feller says." Or: "As the feller says, 'I ought to get done by some time tomorrow'." I have encountered this same

tendency in others, though never in such an extreme form. The "feller" discussed in a folklore article of several years ago⁸ is evidently not the one quoted by my paper-hanger friend, for the characteristic features of the latter's utterances were their utter commonplaceness, the lack of any apparent necessity to father them on an outside authority, whereas the "feller" of the article frequently made remarks of a reasonable degree of wittiness or originality of expression.

An examination of recent literature for Wellerisms might prove productive. One specimen recently encountered, which would be at home in the threshing-machine environment which has produced most of the Wellerisms known to me through experience, appears in the invitation of an old Oregon horse-wrangler to a stranger to share his meagre evening meal: "We ain't got much, but you're welcome to what there is of it, as the little boy said to the schoolteacher."⁹

NOTES

¹ See Herbert Halpert, "Some Wellerisms from Kentucky and Tennessee," *JAF*, LXIX, 115.

² Kenneth Porter, editor, "Winter Evenings in Iowa," *JAF*, LVI, 112, and "Children's Songs and Rhymes of the Porter Family," LIV, 167-175.

³ Cf. Halpert, *loc. cit.*, no. 29.

⁴ *Ibid.*, no. 22.

⁵ The "relative scarcity of obscene Wellerisms" suggested by Halpert, above, is probably, as suggested by Maurice A. Mook, "Northwest Pennsylvania Wellerisms," *JAF*, LXX, 183-184, largely "a function of the social environment" of the informants. Mook's working-class and pool-hall Wellerisms are very similar in character to the threshing-machine Wellerisms of my own experience.

⁶ Cf. Halpert, *loc. cit.*, no. 59.

⁷ Cf. *ibid.*, nos. 21, 22.

⁸ Wilson O. Clough, *California Folklore Quarterly*, II, 85-88.

⁹ H. L. Davis, *Winds of Morning* (1st ed., 1952; Pocket Book ed., 1953), 51.

BOOK REVIEWS

FOLK TALES

Negro Folktales in Michigan. Richard M. Dorson. (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1956.) xiv + 245 pp. \$4.75.

Folklore, as an interdisciplinary enterprise, as often seems to suffer as to profit from the variety of its resources. In *Negro Folktales in Michigan*, fortunately, Richard M. Dorson gives impressive evidence of the richness of folklore as social data, as literature, and as a means of analysis. One must ask what other data, what other interpretive methods would have yielded comparable results to Mr. Dorson's concerning the acculturation of Southern Negroes in the North? Possibly statistical studies of more classically sociological bent might have permitted analogous conclusions to his, but the uniqueness of folklore among the techniques for documenting and analysing societal structures is that its very data preserve the emotional and spiritual resources of the people they describe. This is especially true of the present collection, for Mr. Dorson brings to his materials training in both history and folklore, a keen awareness of social implications (and an exemplary caution in offering conclusions on these lines) grounded on his familiarity with cultural anthropology, and a fine sensitivity to the literary values of the folktale. In its way this book demonstrates both the multiplex method and the rewarding art of the skilled folklorist.

We do not usually think of "art" as the term to describe a book that claims to be a record of "tales . . . presented with a minimum of editing," except insofar as the folk narrators prove themselves to be masters of *their* art. To speak of the collector's art, however, is, I think, a legitimate extension. His art must first consist in the capacity to recognize the stylistic excellences of folk narration when he finds them and then to discriminate between different folk styles. Mr. Dorson happily lacks that passion of some collectors to boil all the sinew and fat out of their narratives' bones in order to brew the alphabet-soup of type-and-motif-classification. He manages this scholarly necessity gracefully in backnotes and a type-index, but the recording of the individual tales shows commendable fidelity to the individual modulations of folk style. This permits us to experience the differences in folk narration as an art-form. John Blackamore, Dorson's star informant, combines motifs into complex structures and seizes upon simple plots and fills them out into long yarns rich in circumstantial elaborations which are themselves valuable in giving

us, on the folk level, what the novelist of manners creates in his much more complex fashion—a sense of actuality, of life. On the other hand, other informants, among them a few talking storehouses of traditional materials, have narrative styles not much different from that of the motif-indices by which Dorson classified their stories.

The art of the collector begins, of course, in his ability to put himself into fruitful consonance with his informants. Dorson's success in this is not unique—Vance Randolph, Leonard Roberts, and Zora Neale Hurston come to mind among the many collectors who have mastered it—but it is worth remarking that they worked in their own regions and among their own people, while Dorson appeared as a stranger from a different race, region, and class, and yet managed so well to reach the confidence of the Michigan Negroes he interviewed that they often lost all sense of his presence in their delight in their own and each others' tales.

The art and method of the collector come together in his recognition of what is worth collecting. Where many expeditions into the fair field full of folk have been organized to bag ballads, or *märchen*, or superstitions, or folk speech alone, Dorson comes back with a richer trove. He recognizes that the rubrics of classification are *post*, not *a priori*, the amassing of the verbal arts of the folk. If several of his stories have no Ur-numbers in the indices, it is the indices which will have to accommodate these unparalleled though clearly traditional materials. Dorson recognizes how song, jest, yarn, folktale, sermon, and recital of alleged fact blend into each other in folk tradition, and how narrative style is influenced by cante fable, folksong, and imitative mimicry. His book is a model for the prospective collector in its catholicity of content, its fidelity to informants, its careful annotation, and in its interpretation of the collected materials. One slight demurrer is that annotation of parallel instances from authors other than Joel Chandler Harris (*e.g.*, Mark Twain, Charles W. Chesnutt, Irwin Russell, and the novels of Miss Hurston as well as her *Mules and Men*) would enhance the value of Dorson's book in that direction.

It is especially interesting to see the way Dorson relates his collectanea to the cultural milieux in which they flourish or fall away. The original questions Dorson set himself were these: "Had the rich repertory of Southern tales taken root [in the North]? Did storytelling still flourish as a vital part of Negro culture? How did the folklore of colored families born and bred in the North compare with that of the transplanted Southern migrants?" To answer these problems—problems in acculturation as well as in folklore—Dorson ex-

explored four Michigan Negro communities—Calvin, Benton Harbor, Covert, and Mecosta. These run the gamut from a rural hamlet founded by Quakers as a refuge for freed slaves to a post-World War II industrial housing development. The Negroes interviewed ranged from farmers descended from the settlers of a century ago to factory workers just up from the South. An index of informants gives relevant biographical data.

Dorson's quest was not easy of fulfillment. Most Negroes don't naturally speak to a white stranger of their descent from slaves. "We're a forward-looking, progressive people," one colored town official told him, and the folklorist had to allay suspicion that he, despite notebook and tape recorder, was an FBI man or another Federal detective tracking marijuana suspects. But the elbow-patches on his jacket convinced the proprietress of the Calvin tavern that he was in truth a writer, and she sent him to Suggs who rewarded his patched virtue with 200 tales and 25 songs. J. D. Suggs bids fair to take his place beside Lead Belly and Jelly Roll Morton as a master of his own folk art. His life, like theirs, partakes of the protean adaptability and indomitable self-assertion of the heroes of his own tales. In a footnote Dorson adds "I learn with heartache of the death of Suggs"; as was true of Ramsey's and Lomax's recordings, this work was performed in the nick of time. The rest of Dorson's book suggests that the chances of finding another Suggs will diminish year by year. The culture that produced him is changing momently, and younger Negroes in the North who may not have to endure the economic privation of his career will probably lack the traditional richness of his experiences as ex-prison guard, pro ballplayer, member of the Rabbit Foot Minstrel Show, railroad brakeman, sandhog, soldier, short-order cook, landlord, and day-laborer. As John Blackamore said, "I haven't told any tales since I left Missouri; no time for it up here." Yet he managed to remember some good ones, luckily.

Dorson's conclusions were that "Negro lore had moved north indeed, but only with migrants cradled and nurtured in the yeasty Southern traditions, or with the few still-living children of slaves. Northern-born Negroes, growing up among cities and factories, supercilious toward their Southern brothers, had severed and discarded their folk heritage, and the new migrants grown farther from it as they take on Northern attitudes." Not only denial of their own past of slavery and deprivation shrivels the Northern Negroes' folk traditions; as is true of white groups too, "The blare of radio and the gloom of television are drowning out and stifling the old storytelling

ways." When these traditions do survive they are shaped to conform to new occasions. In the South the very style of the tales suggested the opportunities on which they were told: the cessation of work for the winter holidays, cotton-choppers and fruit-pickers eager for narrative distraction from their monotonous labors, the occasions of country courting and country loafing. Up North, factory workers swap yarns before their shift or on their lunch hour, "but perforce they must be rapid-fire, hilarious, and mostly scatological."

What is the content of this Southern-Northern Negro tradition? Here is a real surprise. Dorson's book, the first Negro collection from the North, modifies considerably our impression of the Southern roots of this tradition. The animal fables of Uncle Remus fame prove to be but a small fraction of the repertoire which includes also *märchen* close to those found in Grimm, hoodoo yarns of West Indian or African provenience, witch tales descended from English and European tradition, a distinctive vein of Biblical and Apocryphal parables, tales of wonders paralleling the Puritan "providences," and contemporary yarns of haunted hotel rooms and unsalable death-cars. Accounts of mermaids and horror tales like that of the man who sold his wife for meat are part of the same vein as folk-histories from slavery days, tales of escapes, murders, and lynchings. Most interesting perhaps in terms of consistency of folk repertoire are the groups of stories centering around two folk characters, John and Colored Man. John is the slave who is either bested by his tricky master, or is himself the trickster or rogue. (Among the religious yarns, we find "the Devil as trickster and Christ as a master magician.") As for Colored Man, whose companions in this yarns are equally nameless allegorical figures (White Man, Mexican, Jew, etc.), he is the freedman or contemporary Negro, eating low on the hog in a world whose hard knocks he takes with stoicism rather than with the rogueishly clever revenge of John the slave.

Ten photographs of informants on their home grounds add to the concreteness of social documentation. The dust jacket enlarges the best of these, a portrait of a grizzle-chinned, diamond-eyed, bulb-nosed old gaffer in a felt hat. Who could infer from his face that he had hoodooed his ex-wife's father and uncle to death, and having put a piece of her red bloomers in a bottle of roots had given her fits ever since?

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Daniel G. Hoffman

More Welsh Fairy and Folk Tales. W. Jenkyn Thomas. (Cardiff: University of Wales Press, 1957.) 95 pp. 7/.

This small, well-illustrated (drawings by Meirion Roberts) volume of Welsh fairy and folk tales is a refreshingly interesting collection. It is a supplement to the larger work, *The Welsh Fairy Book*, that made its initial appearance in the first decade of this century. The setting is the Wales prior to the Methodist Revival and the Industrial Revolution when Wales was still rather rich in this type of traditional tale and its accompanying fund of superstitions.

Mr. W. Jenkyn Thomas has brought together twenty-seven tales of varying length. He has endeavored to keep them as much as possible in the atmosphere of the naive, simple language in which they must have circulated in their heyday. Only the proper nouns have been retained with their Welsh spellings. Mr. Thomas consistently gives their English equivalents, so that the uninitiated may not find too many stumbling blocks that would hamper the understanding of the tale. Occasionally Mr. Thomas adds his own comments to incidents in order to help keep the reader in a 'rational' mood, i.e., not let the reader think that all that is being told is 'gospel truth' in this enlightened age—it is folk literature and ought to be regarded only as such.

This collection is primarily for a general reading public. It offers no annotations, no index or cross-references, and no bibliography. It does have a table of contents. Nevertheless, the folklorist will find a rather goodly number of motifs common to the general field of folk tale. The variants here offered are possible footnote material for the scholar interested in comparative aspects.

All in all this small volume is worth the reading and would not be out of place on a folklorist's book-shelf.

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Stuart A. Gallacher

Legends of the Bible. By Louis Ginzberg. (New York: Simon and Schuster. 1956.) XXX + 647 pp. \$5.00.

As Shalom Spiegel explains in his Introduction to this abridgement of Ginzberg's *Legend of the Jews*, this collection does not present folklore directly from oral tradition, but rather popular myths, tales, and beliefs as reworked by the rabbis to harmonize with Judaic monotheism. The theological redactors, however, in their endeavor to use folk stories "to justify the ways of God to men," were unable,

and perhaps unwilling, to obscure the charm and sheer narrative appeal of the original sources.

Especially fascinating are the tales of the patriarchs which one knows usually only in their Biblical version. The supplementary legends about them often add another dimension to their personalities. For example, Cain's motive for killing Abel was not only jealousy of his brother's greater favor with God, but also his desire for Abel's wife. Legend also gives Joseph's brothers good reason to dislike their father's favorite, for he was a bearer of false tales against them—one of the many extra-Biblical Jewish traditions used by Thomas Mann in *Joseph and His Brothers*.

As well as giving the familiar Biblical characters additional psychological depth, Jewish legend endows them with heroic qualities such as are analyzed in Lord Raglan's *The Hero*. Many Biblical heroes were extraordinary infants: Abraham, for example, walked and prophesied when he was only ten days old. Some heroes were brought up under humble circumstances because of mistaken identity: David, for instance, was assigned to the keeping of sheep because his father Jesse thought he had begotten the child with a slave, whereas actually the mother was his lawful wife who had disguised herself to frustrate Jesse's adulterous intentions. An analogue to the Oedipus myth is also found in Biblical legendry: Joshua grew up in ignorance of his ancestry; he was appointed hangman and unknowingly executed his own father and further would have committed incest with his mother had he not been prevented by a miraculous sign—milk flowed from her breasts as he approached.

Ancient Jewish legends contain many details of the Messianic prophecy which bear on New Testament accounts. In the story of Moses it is reported that on his journey from Midian back to Egypt he rode on the ass which the Messiah would ride at the end of days. Moses' particular connection with the Messiah is established in the story of his last day on earth: just before death Moses was privileged to ascend to heaven and see and speak with the Messiah. This ancient tradition is perhaps reflected in the New Testament account of Moses' appearance at the Transfiguration (Mark 9:4).

Not all of Jewish legendry is strictly Biblical; much secular material is woven in. The stories of the creation, for example, include aetiological legends on the enmity between dog and cat, cat and mouse, and descriptions of mythical animals like the phoenix and the plant-man. The legends of Solomon present early versions of many popular tales such as the story of the bridegroom, the robber, and the lover—which was the noblest (Mt. 976). Solomon's own life

reads like a *märchen*: his loss of the magic ring, his wanderings as a beggar, and the recovery of his ring from inside a fish (cf. Mt. 560).

To present these legends simply as the good stories they are, without the encumbrance of the extensive scholarly apparatus of Ginzberg's original work, is the purpose of this abridgement. It is regrettable, however, that some brief notes on dates and sources are not presented. Undoubtedly the folklorist and interested layman will be stimulated by this introductory volume to investigate Ginzberg's monumental work.

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Barbara Allen Woods

Motif-Index of Folk-Literature. Stith Thompson. New and Enlarged Edition. (Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press; and Copenhagen: Rosenkilde and Bagger, 1955-1958.) Vol. IV, J-K, 499 pp.; vol. V, L-Z, 567 pp.; vol. VI, Index, 892 pp. \$13.50 per volume.

In the Spring, 1957 issue of *Midwest Folklore*, when the new and enlarged edition of the *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature* was reviewed at some length, only the first three volumes of the work had been published. Since that time, however, the remaining three volumes have appeared. The fourth and fifth volumes continue the listing of motifs, from the J chapter, "The Wise and the Foolish," through the Z chapter, "Miscellaneous Groups of Motifs." As with the earlier volumes, many new motifs are added, and, frequently, important new references are added for the motifs retained from the old edition. These immensely rich additions, of course, vastly increase the usefulness of the *Motif-Index*. They also show in part the progress that has been made in folktale studies in the last twenty years, and many of the works to which references are made which have been published in the last twenty years are the result of Professor Thompson's inspiration and guidance.

The sixth volume is the index to the proceeding five. In it, key words from the motifs are arranged in an alphabetical list so that it is possible to locate a motif in the work readily. It is in this sixth volume that the format of the new edition shows to best advantage, for the judicious use of boldface type and better spacing of entries on the page greatly increase legibility and facilitate use of this index.

The completion of the publication of the new and enlarged edition of the *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature* marks the end of a great task. The *Index* has always been a major research tool for

the folklorist. The new edition, opening up as it does whole new areas, is a work that every folklorist, no matter what his special interest, must frequently consult.

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Warren E. Roberts

BALLADS AND FOLKSONGS

Lunastettava neito, Vertaileva balladitutkimus (A Comparative Study of the Ballad of "The Maid Freed from the Gallows"). Iivar Kemppinen. (Helsinki: Kirja-Mono, 1957.) 165 pp. Sold by the Aketeeminen Kirjakauppa (Academic Bookshop) Helsinki.

Students of the traditional ballad of "Lady Isabel and the False Knight" will remember Dr. Kemppinen's fine study of this ballad (1954), reviewed in *Midwest Folklore*. Comes now the great Finnish scholar and folklorist with another important study (in Finnish) of still another famous ballad, published late last year. Dr. Kemppinen, with his usual flair for research and investigation, makes here a scholarly safari into the origins and prevalence of "The Maid Freed from the Gallows" (Child, No. 95). He reports and examines versions and variants from Finland, Sweden, Esthonia, and Germany, and states further:

The ballad has spread throughout Europe, North America, the West Indies and Australia, in addition to which motifs of the ballad are to be found in Hebrew, Armenian, Indian and African stories. The researcher had at his disposal and analysed 1,634 variants of this ballad.

Dr. Kemppinen analyzed four characteristic themes of the ballad that have been preserved in different countries. This important study consists of two parts: Variant Analysis, and the Theory of the Origin of the Ballad. Departing from the old theories that the ballad is historical, viewing the maid as a kidnapped victim, etc., Dr. Kemppinen deduces that it is the fate of the maid, her life or death, that is in question in the ballad—which, he concludes, is purely mythical.

The author skillfully connects the theme, or motif of the ballad with classic Greek literature, with Euripides and his *Alcestis* (438 B.C.), in which Euripides stuck very closely to the old mythical theme. In his investigation Dr. Kemppinen demonstrates how an echo from a folk poem may be carried over to the man of the atomic age through the civilizations of ancient Argos, Mycenae, Athens and Rome, and the balladry of the medieval Renaissance. He opines that "The Maid Freed from the Gallows" originated around the 12th. or

13th. century, in southern Europe, that it is based on a mythical subject of these old cultures. All in all, Dr. Kemppinen's book is an important contribution to ballad study.

Fort Worth, Texas

Josiah H. Combs

The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore. Vol. IV, The Music of the Ballads. Edited by Jan Philip Schinhan. (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1957.) xlv + 420 pp., appendices, indices. \$7.50.

The fourth volume of the *Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, The Music of the Ballads*, is an important addition to the literature of folklore and may be hailed on two counts. First, it gives us another regional collection of ballad tunes from a state that is rich in its folk material. But even more significant are the Introduction by the editor, Jan Philip Schinhan, in which he has given a lucid exposition of his method of analysis and the two appendices in which he has tabulated the results of his work. Here is a model of ethnomusicological scholarship and method which I recommend to all students of folk song. Collectors and editors will do well to consult Schinhan's work before proceeding with publication.

Scholarship and research in folk music have lagged far behind the serious study of other aspects of folklore. There have been numerous skilled and productive collectors of folk song, many of whom have been conscientious about sharing their material with others through publication. But musicological studies of folk music have been sparse and of varying quality. Cecil Sharp in his *English Folksong: Some Conclusions* (1907) essayed a definition of folksong and a theoretical and philosophical basis for the study of this long neglected treasure. It was Bela Bartok, however, who by following with some modifications the system of the Finnish folklorist, Ilmari Krohn, established a rigorous methodology for transcription and analysis in his *Hungarian Folk Music* (1931). This paucity of studies arises from the literary-musical character of the ballad, an art form that by its very nature demands an inter-disciplinary approach. Folklorists who regard the ballad as literature often lack the musical training that is prerequisite for the proper treatment of the ballad tunes. Musicologists, deeply occupied with the art music of the past, have rarely shown respect for or interest in folk music. With the renewed and growing interest in ethnomusicology it is hoped that a new generation of scholars will develop to study and interpret this rich heritage.

The book contains the tunes collected by Dr. Brown for the folk ballads published in Volume II (1952) of the series together with the text and music of twenty six additional ballads not available to the editors of that volume. With the variants there is a total of 517 tunes to 340 ballads which are classified as The Older Ballads—Mostly British, Native American Ballads, North Carolina Ballads, and Additional Ballads. The tunes are presented with the first verse of text, the source (name of singer, date and place of recording, when known), a clear, concise analysis, and notes on melodic relationship with versions in other collections. This cross-referencing will prove an aid and time saver in comparative studies. However, the editor has neglected to call attention to melodic relationships of tunes within this collection. For example, tunes 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, all variants of Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight, are organically related to tunes 41, 44, 45, 47, and 48, all variants of Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.

In his analysis Professor Schinhan has taken into account the following features which are basic to melodic music: scales and modes; range; melodic line, or interval succession in pitch; meter, or interval succession in time; structure, or *Gestalt*: over-all rhythm; and rendition. Of special interest is the Appendix B in which the editor has given the scale of each tune with a numerical valuation for each tone of the scale based on its relative frequency. By counting in units of sixteenths the time values of each tone the numerical frequency or weight of the tone is assessed in its relation to other tones of the scale. As an example let us cite the scale for tune No. 69, Wife of Usher's Well.

C	D	F	G	A	C	D
2	6	13	11	28	24	6

This system should not be mistaken for a mechanical way of determining the tonal center. In the above scale it is the D with a value of only six which is the tonal center of this particular tune. Here the scholar must rely on his musicianship and perception of minute details which stubbornly refuse to be counted and filed into tables, and this the editor has done. The value of these abstracted scales lies in the fact that they make known to the student at a glance the use made of the tonal material. Two melodies based on the same scale may present quite divergent series of numbers as a result of their dissimilarity. One wonders why Professor Schinhan did not transpose the tunes or at least the scales to a common tonal center as Bartok did in his *Hungarian Folk Music*. It would have placed the tunes in some cases in unvocal ranges, thereby rendering the book less useful

to the folklorist whose interest in the tunes is greater than in their analysis, but it would have made comparisons easier.

In discussing scales and modes the editor makes the following distinction. "A scale is merely the raw building material; a mode is the architectural design using that material. And as each mode has its characteristic melodic progressions and idioms, a valuable study, space permitting, could be made by examining the frequency as well as the occurrences of the different possible progressions."

The transcription of this collection of ballad tunes originally recorded on wax cylinders, later transferred to discs by the Music Division of the Library of Congress, and the editing and publication of them in the present volume is a herculean task which Professor Schinhan has accomplished with distinction. The high quality of this work makes us impatient for Volume V, *The Music of the Folk Songs*, also edited by Professor Schinhan, which will provide the tunes of the folk song texts published in Volume III under the editorship of Henry M. Belden and Arthur Palmer Hudson. The Duke University Press is to be commended for the publication of this monumental collection and the care with which each volume is made available to the public.

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Willard Rhodes

ANTHROPOLOGY

Anthropological Papers Numbers 49-56, Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 164. Ten authors. (Smithsonian Institution: 1957.) x + 355 pp., 12 plates, 4 text figures. \$2.75.

Bureau of American Ethnology Bulletin 164 assembles under one cover a miscellany of articles on diverse topics and in diverse styles. They are—

No. 49. *The Ormond Beach Mound, East Central Florida*, by Jesse D. Jennings, Gordon R. Willey, and Marshall T. Newman.

No. 50. *Hair Pipes in Plains Indian Adornment, a Study in Indian and White Ingenuity*, by John C. Ewers.

No. 51. *Observations on Some Nineteenth-Century Pottery Vessels from the Upper Missouri*, by Waldo R. Wedel.

No. 52. *An Archaeological Reconnaissance in Southeastern Mexico, Emphasis on the Virginia Branches—the Occaneechi, the Saponi, and the Tutelo*, by Carl F. Miller.

No. 53. *An Archaeological Reconnaissance in Southeastern Mexico*, by Matthew W. Stirling.

No. 54. *Valladolid Maya Enumeration*, by John P. Harrington.

No. 55. *Letters to Jack Wilson, the Paiute Prophet, Written between 1908 and 1911*, edited with an introduction by Grace M. Dangberg.

No. 56. *Factionalism at Taos Pueblo, New Mexico*, by William N. Fenton.

The only apparent unifying factors are the authors' former or present official positions in the Bureau of American Ethnology, and the stress on the historic approach, in combination with observation. Only No. 55 relies entirely on secondary sources. In all cases facts take precedence over theories; in all cases the facts are problem oriented and wind up with a tentative interpretation.

The authors vary in their handling of the facts. No. 49 receives an impersonal treatment, partly because the field archaeologist, Jennings, enlisted the aid of laboratory analysts, Willey and Newman. On the other hand, No. 53 reads almost like a travelogue. These two articles calmly display the materials for the use of other archaeologists; No. 56 puzzles over a problem which motivated the research.

The authors vary greatly in the blend of field research and secondary research, and in the skill of presenting the blend. Perhaps the most successful and animated presentation is Ewers' tale of hair pipes (ornaments such as one finds on Plains breastplates), the changing materials and methods of manufacture discovered in extensive travels and delving.

The immediacy of the problems also varies. The authors of No. 49 apologize because their finds had remained inert since 1934 and meanwhile Florida archaeology had swept around and beyond. Harrington fills a gap in prehistoric linguistics by a complete and erudite exposition of Maya hieroglyphs and numerical systems. Miller injects a fresh approach into his compilations of Siouan references by actual visits to the sites and a consequent new point of view. He shakes up old theories by suggesting Algonquian rather than Siouan linguistic affinities for the tribes involved. His ideas greatly interest the reviewer, who noted Algonquian affinities in lore and music (*Midwest Folklore* 1954, IV, 2: 87-105). But their impact is limited. The only article on human relations is Fenton's. In fact, it deals with a problem of factionalism so involved, delicate, and frustrating as to preclude any hope of prompt solution.

The subjects of these papers actually lie somewhat outside the realm of folklore and outside the reviewer's field of research. However, they are commendable to workers in any field because of their workmanly and straightforward methods.

Ann Arbor, Michigan

Gertrude P. Kurath

SOCIAL HISTORY

Irish Folk Ways. E. Estyn Evans. (New York: The Devin-Adair Company, 1957.) xvi + 324 pp.

In the field of social history Professor E. E. Evans has produced a work of considerable charm. Contrary to what one frequently experiences in material from the hand of a competent scholar, this work is not dryly factual or lost in the erudite jargon of the specialist. Evans has written a book that may be enjoyed and understood by any one interested at all in the Irish, their customs or habits. The author has not spared any of the folk-customs on the basis of whether or not they might be degrading to his countrymen or their idea of tradition. He has been deliberate, objective and honest. The work, therefore, is really worthy of a scholar in the true sense of the word. Professor Evans has consulted many sources. Nevertheless, parts of the text must be taken solely on the strength of the author's integrity. Much of the material was gathered through his personal conversations and observations while traveling up and down Ireland.

The book is well organized throughout. There are twenty-one chapters in all. The first ten are devoted to the import of the land, fields, farms and houses on and in which many generations of Irish country folk have lived and worked. The remaining chapters place the emphasis more acutely upon the folk ways and customs without losing sight of the lands, fields, farms, and houses and their ever apparent importance. It is among the last few chapters that the folklorist finds the largest amount of material most pertinent to him. For the most part it deals with charms, superstitions, customs, and a few "etymologies." One should not assume, however, that the first part of the book is without its folkloristic materials of consequence, for such is not the case. Much concerning superstitions is contained therein. Occasionally Evans brings in a foreign parallel for a specific item. At no time is a lengthy discussion entered into. For comparative purposes his brief comments on the parallels is definitely too brief to be of any value to the arm-chair folklorist.

Pages xi-xvi contain a very helpful "List of Text Figures" and an adequate "Preface." The text comprises pages 1-306. A very

impressive and rather complete bibliography is given on pages 307-312 inclusive. The "Index," pages 313-324, is excellent. All in all, the work is a real credit to this type of study. It is abundantly illustrated, well footnoted and uncommonly frank. An Irishman may be stunned at times by what he finds written therein, but he will never deny his heritage.

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Stuart A. Gallacher

Forty Years in the Ozarks: an Autobiography. Otto Ernest Rayburn. (Eureka Springs, Arkansas: The Ozark Guide Press, 1957.) 101 pp., cloth \$3.00, paper \$1.50.

This book is the story of a love affair with the Ozarks by a flatlander (in youth) who went to the mountains after a disappointment in young love. The length of his stay is evidence that the love affair was a mutual one. Although Mr. Rayburn spent thirty of these years in the schoolroom as a teacher and administrator, he managed to do a multitude of things that most teachers don't do. Chief among them, in determination and perseverance at least, was publishing magazines filled with Ozark lore and life. The book deals more with the publishing ventures than it does with teaching. Mr. Rayburn is still publishing the most successful of his magazines, *Rayburn's Ozark Guide*, a quarterly, in Eureka Springs, a town he and Vance Randolph share.

As an autobiography, the book does not contain much folklore; but Mr. Rayburn indicates that he is now at work on no less than four books of Ozark folklore.

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Ernest W. Baughman

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Terrapin's Pot of Sense. Harold Courlander. Illustrations by Elton Fax. (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1957.) 125 pp. \$3.00.

Indian Tales of the Desert People. Written and illustrated by William D. Hayes. (New York: David McKay Company, 1957.) xvi + 111 pp. \$3.00.

Although these two delightful juveniles deal with quite different subjects and utilize dissimilar techniques, they are astonishingly alike

in approach and spirit. Each is well written and each is marked by sensitivity and good humor. *Terrapin's Pot of Sense*, by an author distinguished for other successful books, is a collection of southern tales presented as if related by a Negro storyteller. This, of course, means the use of dialogue, and dialogue can be most difficult, a factor which the author recognizes. Unless it is particularly skilled, children are apt to be annoyed. In several of the Courlander yarns, dialogue seems to impede the narrative—to stand between the author and reader. The stories themselves are flavorful, interest-catching, revealing. Animals—the terrapin, the rabbit, the lion, the coon—are plentiful. There are examples of Munchausen gone to Texas and tales of the clash of sharp wits and of the devil and share croppers. Some of the stories exist elsewhere in a wide spread of variants.

Mr. Courlander says in a note that all but one of the tales were garnered from Negro narrators in rural sections of Alabama, New Jersey, and Michigan. The professional folklorist, no doubt, will be attracted by the author's comments on both the genesis and implications of Negro folk literature. Much of this has been said elsewhere, and no one can quarrel with it. Yet this reviewer sometimes wonders—perhaps quite improperly—why folk collections designed and written for young people need such exhibits of scholarly apparatus. Children themselves seldom, if ever, bother with it, and teachers and librarians, unless they are especially interested, are not much concerned. Juveniles want a good story.

It might be that a short note to the reader, such as Mr. Hayes uses to introduce his wonderfully perceptive tales of the Indians of the Arizona desert country, is more fitting and more stimulating. This collection—and we need more like it—sings with vigor and freshness and beauty of the Pima folklore. The tales are told, as the author indicates, with simplicity, color, and dramatic imagery. They seem to ring very true, even though the author did not catch them from the lips of the tribesmen.

This does not mean, of course, that Courlander's Negro stories fail to give an impression of authenticity, but they do appear a little more contrived than do the Indian tales. Mr. Hayes begins his collection with a story of creation, then goes on to spin an explanation of why the coyote is the color of the ground, unfolds the legends of crooked mountain, and concludes with the delightful "Children of Cloud." This reviewer's favorite is the "Tobacco Woman and Corn Spirit." The tale that most appealed to him in Courlander's collection is the slightly macabre "The Skull."

Most certainly, each of these volumes retains much of the atmosphere of the region and preserves the flavor of the original tales. Once again, they probe into deepest roots, exposing in language children can understand differences in cultural patterns. But what is far more significant, both Courlander and Hayes are fine storytellers.

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Philip D. Jordan

RECENT RECORDINGS

Matching Songs of the British Isles and America. Sung by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-637. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Bad Lads and Hard Cases. Sung by Ewan MacColl, banjo and guitar accompaniments by Peggy Seeger; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-632. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Wanted for Murder. Sung by Paul Clayton; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-640. 12" lp. \$4.98.

"Bless 'Em All" and Other British Army Songs. Sung by Ewan MacColl, accompanied by Peggy Seeger, Jimmie MacGregor, Johnny Cole; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-642. 12" lp. \$4.98.

GI—American Army Songs. Sung by Oscar Brand, assisted by Fred Hellerman, edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-639. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Songs of a Scots Tinker Lady. Sung by Jeannie Robertson, accompaniment by Josh MacCrae, edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-633. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Whaling Ballads and Songs: "Thar She Blows!" Sung by A. L. Lloyd and Ewan MacColl, accompanied by Peggy Seeger and Johnny Cole, edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-635. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Sonny Terry and His Mouth Harp. Sonny Terry, with guitar by Alec Stewart, edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside Records, RLP 12-644. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Chansons Populaires Francaises. Sung by Francoise Prevost, accompaniment by Luc Poret, edited by K. S. Goldstein. Judson Records, L 3000. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Five of the above discs, recently released by Riverside and Judson Records, offer the folklorist a golden chance to compare British and American song traditions. *Matching Songs* was waxed with this in mind and presents contrasting variants of eight ballads known widely on both sides of the Atlantic. The record, which features "The Golden Vanity," "The Old Man Who Came Over the Moor," "The Gypsy Laddie," "The Sheffield Apprentice," "Froggy Went A-Courtin'," "Sweet William," "The Fishes Song," and "The Cambric Shirt," will be particularly convenient for classroom and lecture hall use, although the scholar may need further examples.

Ewan MacColl's *Bad Lads and Hard Cases* and Paul Clayton's *Wanted for Murder* complement each other by offering selections concerning the myriad crimes that have riddled British and American society respectively. Although similar albums are easy to come by, MacColl's disc presents a number of fresh pieces. "Superintendent Barrat" and "Barratty-Parratty" concern the theft of the Stone of Scone, while "Go Down You Murderer" and "The Ballad of Bentley and Craig" both relate to crimes that occurred in the 1950's. Clayton's material, excepting perhaps "Bad Lee Brown," offers little more than one would be led to expect from the title.

"*Bless 'Em All*" and *GI* give the listener a chance to compare songs sung in two armies that have fought side by side in both World Wars and in Korea. Though some of the selections here are of necessity "bowdlerized," generally the energy and virility of the military situation comes through. One has to remember, however, that much of the material is not folksong ("Old Soldiers Never Die" isn't even close) and some of it, like "Roll Me Over," is as well known in one nation as the other.

All in all these five discs present a nice picture of two English-speaking peoples who have had a lot to do with each other over the last few generations, and who may well be linked even more tightly in the future.

The four other releases are not particularly related. The Scottish tinker songs by Jeannie Robertson is the most authentic disc from the scholar's standpoint. Although Jeannie Robertson's selections are all ones that have been frequently recorded ("The Four Marys," "Brennan on the Moor," "The Broken Token," etc.), the renditions are frequently different from what we have come to expect of the titles in this country. Any scholar would get his money back just to own "Go Away from My Window" and "Lord Lovat," a solemn Child 75.

"*Thar She Blows!*," by Lloyd and MacColl, is routine, but has the virtue of including a number of hard to come by whaling tunes. Objections involving the dullness of Lloyd's performances and the artificiality of the "atmosphere" behind the waxing will be justified, but only to the extent that one demands complete purity. On the whole, the disc is a good one to own.

However, if this record is "a good one to own," the blues recorded from Sonny Terry are a "must." Here is one of the great performers of pre-jazz and archaic blues, presented in fourteen selections with guitar accompaniment by the talented Alec Stewart. If one is interested in Negro song, jazz, or anything related to these two fields, he simply can't afford to ignore Terry, no matter what. Riverside's releases from Terry, Ma Rainey, Blind Lemon Jefferson, and Bessie Smith are among the most valuable things the recording industry has given us in recent years.

Judson Records has also brought out a disc worth noting. This is a rendering of French cabaret and popular material called *Chansons Populaires Francaises*. The singer is the young movie star and TV actress, Francoise Prevost, who makes her professional musical debut on this record. Most of her material is "*voix-de-ville*," nursery song, or theater material, but there are a couple of old peasant songs, two shanties, and some crime ballads. The performance is professional and completely pleasing, as well as being most French.

University of Pennsylvania
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tristram P. Coffin

Riddle Me This. Sung by Jean Ritchie and Oscar Brand, edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside RLP 12-646. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Banjo Songs from the Blue Ridge and Great Smokies. By Obray Ramsay; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside RLP 12-649. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Minstrel of the Appalachians. By Bascom Lamar Lunsford and his banjo, assisted by Freda English; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Riverside RLP 12-645. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Music for Moonshiners. Played and sung by the Laurel River Valley Boys; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Judson L3031. 12" lp. \$4.98.

Favorite Gospel Songs. By Harry and Jeanie West; edited by K. S. Goldstein. Folkways FA 2357. 12" lp. \$4.98.

By all odds the most enjoyable of these five records is the first, Miss Ritchie's and Brand's question-and-answer duets *Riddle Me This*. "The Cambric Shirt" and "Madam, Will You Walk" are ideal for their ensemble; "Pretty Li'l Reckless Boy" is jolly, rabelaisian, with unusual accompaniment; there is an unfamiliar minor tune of great beauty to "Paper of Pins" and the prettiest tune of all, modal, to "I Will Give My Love an Apple." Those who hope, however, to hear "Song 8" on side 1, "Big Glass Doll," will listen in vain; and many texts are composite. Perhaps Jean Ritchie does not show at her absolute best on this recording, but until a new paragon comes along she remains as delightful a folksinger as America has to offer.

The other four records share the description of better instrumentation than vocalism, though O Bray Ramsay, banjo picker par excellence, displays a pleasant tenor voice. His best melody in *Banjo Songs of the Blue Ridge and Great Smokies* is to "Little Margaret." A piece like "Keep on the Sunny Side" is hardly worth recording; where Ramsay shines is in such instrumentals as "Lonesome Road Blues," wherein he sounds like a whole orchestra, "Shortenin' Bread," and "Polly Put the Kettle On," wherein his banjo reminds one distantly of Segovia's guitar. It is also pleasant to have on "wax" the grand old man of the mountains, Bascom Lamar Lunsford and his banjo, *Minstrel of the Appalachians*. Authentic and entertaining, perhaps his most impressive contributions are "The Miller's Will" with its neutral tones and "The Sailor on the Deep Blue Sea."

Banjo pickers have it on these records. Another fine one, Ervin Lewis, is joined in *Music for Moonshiners* by an equally breath-taking fiddler, Byard Ray, and a guitarist to illustrate mountain dance music. Frankly hillbilly, the tunes are characterless, the harmony thin, and the tempo uniformly racehorse. As before some of the numbers, like "Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms," should be dispensed with; but worthy of praise are the nimble accompaniment and fiddle virtuosity in such pieces as "Old Hen Cackle," "Tennessee Blues," and "Cumberland Gap." The fifth record, of *Favorite Gospel Songs* duets, exemplifies one of the worst directions Southern "folk" music has taken, the hillbilly hymns. Though perhaps some merit can be seen in "Walking My Lord Up Calvary's Hill," the only good song on this record is "Amazing Grace." The accompaniments are interesting, and transparent sincerity is evident; but the ensemble has nothing to recommend it nor does the structural sameness of this kind of song. The reader of the leaflet does learn the term for a steel guitar: "dobrow."

Austin Peay State College
Clarksville, Tennessee

George W. Boswell

Ohio State Ballads: History through Folksongs. Sung by Anne Grimes, with the dulcimer, and edited by Kenneth S. Goldstein. Folkways FH 5217, 1-12" LP. \$5.95.

Ballads of LaSalle County, Illinois: The Story of Ottawa, Illinois. Composed and sung by Keith Clark. Folkways FA 2080, 1-10" LP. \$4.25.

These two records have in common only the facts that both might be called Americana and both are termed ballads; there all similarity ceases.

Anne Grimes' performance as a singer and as a tireless collector deserves more recognition than can be accorded either in this review or by the issuance of a single long-play record. The twenty songs presented here, fine though they are, can barely suggest the thousand collected by Mrs. Grimes. One may well boggle at the indiscriminate application of the term *ballad* to the beautiful folk hymn "Christ in the Garden," to a minstrel dance song, to a political campaign song, to a spiritual, to a blues, and to a broadside, but the establishment of the usage seems as inevitable as the abuse of the term *folksong*.

As well as carping at the use of *ballad*, the above is intended to indicate the wide range of folksongs presented in *Ohio State Ballads*. In addition to having all been collected in Ohio, the songs have other Ohio associations: many are about Ohio and a surprising number (at least the words) originated in Ohio. That a song's creator—Dan Emmett, J. McC. Simpson, or Benjamin Hanby—may be known does not prevent Mrs. Grimes from identifying as a folksong that which she has collected in traditional circulation—a reasonable and commendable stand with which this reviewer heartily concurs.

The singing on this record is excellent, and the dulcimer accompaniment a thing of skill and beauty. Mrs. Grimes sounds not like a singer of folksongs but like an authentic folksinger. For such authenticity the price frequently is exorbitant, but here the quality is authentic and pleasant. I could wish that the songs in Negro style had been omitted, for with them Mrs. Grimes does sound like an imitator.

Finally and hurriedly: the tunes are interesting, varied, and sometimes complicated; some of the versions presented are "collated," a practice that Mrs. Grimes—as a singer, not as a collector—sturdily defends; the brochure accompanying the record, despite some unfortunate typographical flaws, contains excellent comments and scholarly apparatus—even to a bibliography.

The Ballads of LaSalle County? A pleasant voice, a monotonous guitar, and excruciating poetry mark these modern-day broadsides. They are, of course, not folksongs. They have met the tests of neither time nor oral transmission. Yet I recommend them—and not as morbid curiosities—to any serious student of the folksong process. These must resemble very much in quality, intention, and content the thousands and thousands of broadsides launched in past centuries, of which a handful did become folksongs, although I cannot confidently predict any such apotheosis for the ballads of LaSalle.

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky

Wm. Hugh Jansen

Gertrude Prokosch Kurath, *Songs and Dances of Great Lakes Indians*, Ethnic Folkways Library, FM 4003 (1st ed., P 1003). 12" lp. \$5.95.

It was with some hesitation that the present review was undertaken. An aesthetic pleasure in simply hearing Indian music did not seem to qualify an otherwise musical illiterate to comment on recordings and accompanying annotations by an expert in comparative musicology and choreography. However, perhaps the present example will serve as a valuable lesson to other "garden variety" anthropologists who may have avoided important sources of data because they assumed they were too technical for general use. Gertrude Prokosch Kurath has indeed provided an excellent and detailed analysis for musicologists, but has also produced a work that can interest a wide audience.

The album must be considered in two parts; first, the recordings themselves of songs of Algonkian speaking peoples of the Great Lakes region (side one) and Iroquoian groups of New York state and Canada (side two), and, second, the accompanying monograph. Nearly fifty separate selections represent an informative sampling of music among the Algonkian Ottawa, Ojibwa, and Meskwaki tribes and four of the six tribes of the historic League of the Iroquois. The songs include old, traditional music, examples reflecting the influence of cultural borrowing from alien tribes, translations of hymns into native tongues and regularly sung by the Indians with varying degrees of retention or incorporation of aboriginal characteristics, songs resulting from effects of secular white influences, and selections which are in the process of incorporation into the musical heritage of given groups, sung by their composers. The only criticism that can be made of this cross-section, and a most petty one considering the

wealth of material presented, is the absence of peyote chants available among the Meskwaki and characteristic of relatively recent, pan-Indian influences.

The quality of the recordings varies from excellent to fair, but all seem to be sufficiently clear for purposes of comparative study and it is fortunate that Mrs. Kurath chose to include all of the examples for scholarly use rather than concentrate on reproductions that simply please the ear. This unevenness of recording is virtually unavoidable in transcriptions made in the field where variable sources of electric power, external interferences, and accoustical circumstances as noted by Mrs. Kurath can at times be a serious hindrance. In some ways, however, the sounds of activity going on around the singers lend a note of veracity and evoke a nostalgia regarding similar pow-wow, religious and household gatherings for the field ethnographer who listens to the recordings.

The monograph prepared in connection with the music adds depth and enhances the artistic and scholarly value of the songs. Mrs. Kurath is ever conscious of music in its relationship to historical and cultural environments. She begins her account with a succinct historical review of the tribes noted, discussing their seasonal itineraries and religious and social life as these are reflected and illustrated in their music. The songs, some grouped according to type or as the work of a particular artist, are presented with a discussion of their origin, meaning and function in the societies to which they belong. Brief, but highly pertinent vignettes are provided regarding the singers. Some strike a melancholy note while indicating the importance of the recordings in that certain singers have died since the album was published. Others illustrate the life and times of modern Indians, and some reflect the rapport that existed to make the selections such reliable examples of Indian music. In addition, Mrs. Kurath includes informative descriptions of the dance steps and formations appropriate to given songs. Thus, in these recordings and annotations we find illustrated the astounding cultural persistence of groups which have experienced removals, hardships and threats to their existence, the adaptability of these woodland groups, the competition of white religious traditions, and the creativity of these Indians in producing songs for their own pleasure and profit as a response to the demands of the tourist trade.

Note should be taken of the final band of side two as typical of Mrs. Kurath's delightful awareness of the emotional appeal of a group's musical heritage from its own point of view. Included in this band is the work of two very young singers, aged seven and ten

years: hardly notable as artistic productions but indicative of the perpetuation of a musical tradition offered by an older generation and accepted with enthusiasm and diligent effort by a younger generation. The discussions of all of the songs also point up special features and nuances to guide the untrained ear as well as expedite comparative analyses for musicologists. Both hymnody and ostensibly native music, for example, are traced to Gregorian chants, and other white religious music.

A final section of the album deals with generalized analyses of music and dance in the areas noted and in relationship to surrounding regions. The album should meet an enthusiastic response among theoretical anthropologists, specialists in musicology and choreography, and such interested laymen as camp counselors and primary school teachers ever alert for accurate materials regarding the American Indian which can actually be used in their work.

University of Michigan
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Nancy O. Lurie

FROM THE ARCHIVES:
Some Weather Lore from Indiana
By W. Edson Richmond

Beginning with this issue of *Midwest Folklore* we will print material drawn from the Indiana University Folklore Archives. Each column will be concerned with a particular type of folklore, but no attempt will be made to do more than simply present the material. We hope that our readers will be reminded of related material and take time to send us their own examples.

The column for this issue consists of examples of weather lore which have been collected over a period of five years in the State of Indiana. Fundamentally, this lore exists in two basic forms: (1) the simple statement of belief, and (2) a formularized statement of belief. Examples of each type have been chosen for presentation here, and it has been our intention to print as representative a selection as possible of the some two thousand items now in the Archives. Later the complete collection, along with an analysis, will appear in monograph form.

1. Evening bright,
Farmer's delight;
Morning bright,
Farmer's blight

2. If the sky's clear, it'll be a cold night.
3. A very red sky at sunrise or a very yellow sky at sunset means rain.
4. If in the evening the sky is red,
The ewe and lamb will go wet to bed.
5. If there is enough blue sky to make a man's shirt, it will be a fair day.
6. If the sun shines during a rain, the devil is beating his wife and it will rain the next day.
7. Two full moons in a single month are said to be a sure sign of rain.
8. If the moon show a silver shield,
Be not afraid to reap your field;
But if she rises haloed round,
Soon we'll tread on deluged ground.
9. If clouds are above the sun—fair weather.
If clouds are below the sun—foul weather.
10. Rain long foretold, long last;
Short notice, soon past.
11. When dead branches fall to the ground in calm weather, rain may be expected.
12. The clover always contracts its leaves before a rain.
13. If the grass is green in March, it will snow in April.
14. Thick shucks on corn mean a cold winter.
15. When animals huddle together in open fields, expect rain soon.
16. When a cow attempts to scratch its ear
It means a shower is very near.
17. Pigs carrying straw and litter in their mouths foretell rain.
18. If the cock goes crowing to bed
He'll certainly rise with a watery head.
19. It is six weeks till frost after the first katydid's call.
20. If a boy killed a snake and left it lying belly upward, there would be rain before night and, like as not, murder.
21. Expect rain when pains are especially severe.
22. When de' ache is in yo' bone,
The sun has never shone.
23. Curls that kink and cords that bind:
Signs of rain and a heavy wind.
24. An uneasy stomach is often a sign of approaching rain.
25. As the days lengthen, so the cold strengthens.
26. The first three days of winter foretell winter weather.
27. If it storms on Friday, it will storm again before Monday.
28. Sounds travelling far and wide
A stormy day will betide.
29. The farther the sight, the nearer the rain.
30. Whenever soot falls down the chimney, it is a reliable sign of approaching rain.